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THE BIRTHPLACE OF JOHNSON.

DR. JOHNSON.

From a newly issued Life of Johnson illustrated, we have taken a view of the great lexicographer's birth-place, and of Edial House where he first undertook his office of teacher.

We subjoin Boswell's account of the courtship of the doctor, with some notice of his mother's family :—

"His juvenile attachments to the fair sex were very transient. * * * *

"In a man whom religious education has secured from licentious indulgences, the passion of love, when once it has seized him, is exceedingly strong; being unimpaired by dissipation, and totally concentrated in one object. This was experienced by Johnson when he became the fervent admirer of Mrs. Porter, after her first husband's death. Miss Porter told me that when he was first introduced to her mother his appearance was very forbidding; he was then lean and lank, so that his immense structure of bones was hideously striking to the eye, and the scars of the scrofula were deeply visible. He also wore his hair, which was straight and stiff, and separated behind; and he often had seemingly convulsive starts and odd gesticulations, which tended to excite at once surprise and ridicule. Mrs. Porter was so much engaged by his conversation that she overlooked all these external disadvantages, and said to her daughter, 'This is the most sensible man that I ever saw in my life.'

"Though Mrs. Porter was double the age of Johnson, and her person and manner, as described to me by the late Mr. Garrick, were by no means pleasing to others, she must have had a superiority of understanding and talents, as she certainly inspired him

with a more than ordinary passion; and she having signified her willingness to accept of his hand, he went to Lichfield to ask his mother's consent to the marriage, which he could not but be conscious was a very imprudent scheme, both on account of their disparity of years and her want of fortune. But Mrs. Johnson knew too well the ardor of her son's temper, and was too tender a parent to oppose his inclinations.

"I know not for what reason the marriage ceremony was not performed at Birmingham; but a resolution was taken that it should be at Derby, for which place the bride and bridegroom set out on horseback, I suppose in very good humor. But, though Mr. Topham Beauclerk used archly to mention Johnson's having told him with much gravity, 'Sir, it was a love marriage on both sides,' I have had from my illustrious friend the following curious account of their journey to church upon the nuptial morn [9th July]:—'Sir, she had read the old romances, and had got into her head the fantastical notion that a woman of spirit should use her lover like a dog. So, sir, at the first she told me that I rode too fast, and she could not keep up with me; and when I rode a little slower, she passed me, and complained I lagged behind. I was not to be made the slave of caprice; and I resolved to begin as I meant to end. I, therefore, pushed on briskly, till I was out of her sight. The road lay between two hedges, so I was sure she could not miss it; and I contrived that she should soon come up with me. When she did, I observed her to be in tears.'

"This, it must be allowed, was a singular beginning of connubial felicity; but there is no doubt that Johnson, though he thus showed a manly firmness, proved a most affectionate and indulgent husband to the last moment of Mrs. Johnson's life; and in his 'Prayers and Meditations' we find very remarkable evidence that his regard and fondness for her never ceased, even after her death."

Boswell says of the birth of this renowned writer that he

"Was born at Lichfield, in Staffordshire, on the 18th of September, N. S., 1709, and his initiation into the Christian Church was not delayed, for his baptism is recorded in the register of St. Mary's parish in that city to have been performed on the day of his birth; his father is there styled *gentleman*, a circumstance of which an ignorant panegyrist has praised him for not being proud; when the truth is, that the appellation of gentleman, though now lost in the indiscriminate assumption of *esquire*, was commonly taken by those who could not boast of gentility. His father was Michael Johnson, a native of Derbyshire, of the same extraction, who settled in Lichfield as a bookseller and stationer. His mother was Sarah Ford, descended from an ancient race of substantial yeomanry in Warwickshire. They were well advanced in years when they married, and never had more than two children, both sons—Samuel, their first born, who lived to be such an illustrious character; and Nathaniel, who died in his twenty-fifth year. She was a woman of distinguished understanding, which, however, was not much cultivated, as we may gather from Dr. Johnson's own account of his early years. 'My father and mother,' says Johnson, 'had not much happiness from each other. They seldom conversed; for my father could not bear to talk of his affairs; and my mother, *being unacquainted with books*, cared not to talk of any thing else. Had my mother been more literate, they had been better companions.'

"There is a circumstance in the life of his father somewhat romantic, but so well authenticated as to deserve mention. A young woman of Leek, in Staffordshire, while he served his apprenticeship there, conceived a violent passion for him; and, though it met with no favorable return, followed him to Lichfield, where she took lodgings opposite to the house in which he lived, and indulged her hopeless flame. When he was informed that it so preyed upon her mind that her life was in danger, he with a generous humanity went to her, and offered to marry her, but it was then too late, her vital power was exhausted; and she thus painfully illustrated that a woman can die for love.

"Of the power of Dr. Johnson's memory, for which he was all his life eminent to a degree almost incredible, the following early instance is recorded as told in his presence at Sheffield, in 1770, by his stepdaughter, Mrs. Lucy Porter, and related to her by his mother:—When he was a child in petticoats, and learned to read, Mrs. Johnson

one morning put the Common Prayer Book into his hands, pointing to the collect for the day, and said, 'Sam, you must get this by heart.' She went up stairs, leaving him to study; but by the time she had reached the second floor she heard him following her. 'What's the matter?' said she. 'I can say it,' he replied; and repeated it distinctly, though he could not not have read it more than twice.

"The parlor in the house where Dr. Johnson was born is the only room which remains in the same state as when occupied by his father. * * * * *

EDIAL HOUSE.

"After his marriage he set up a private academy, for which purpose he hired a large house well situated near his native city. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1736 there is the following advertisement:—

"'At Edial, near Lichfield, in Staffordshire, young gentlemen are boarded and taught the Latin and Greek languages by Samuel Johnson.'

"But the only pupils that were put under his care were the celebrated David Garrick and his brother George, and a Mr. Offely, a young gentleman of good fortune, who died early. As yet his name had nothing of that celebrity which afterwards commanded the highest attention and respect of mankind. Had such an advertisement appeared after the publication of his 'London,' his 'Rambler,' or his 'Dictionary,' how would it have burst upon the world! With what eagerness would the great and wealthy have embraced an opportunity of putting their sons under the learned tuition of Samuel Johnson!"

From "The Tribune."

SONNET.

How two strong elements strive in the soul;
Not right and wrong, which should be clear to sense—
But inner truths, and outer evidence!
The inner, firm, as loadstone to the pole,
While booming facts, like wild sea billows roll,
Athwart belief—which is the soul's defence,—
On which is built its freedom,—innocence,—
Reason, which should, hand-locked with Faith, control.
This inner sense, the poet's richest gift,—
A half-veil'd madness to the worldly eye,—
Men still confound with idle fantasy,
Which has no power so to dilate, uplift,
And bind the soul in lofty reverie,
Filling with spirit-truth, that cannot die.

From "Fraser's Magazine."

THE BEST OF THREE;

OR, THE OFFICER'S CHARGER.

An unmilitary spectator, gazing upon a regiment of cavalry on the march, is apt to suppose that, like a body of chess-men in a box, it has but to be packed up, and dispatched in any direction at a moment's notice. He sees each individual private, looking straight between the ears of his charger, surrounded by his own and his horse's paraphernalia—which personal property the faithful pair carry about with them like a snail does her shell, in all their wanderings. Being a civilian, the delighted gazer has, of course, an immense idea of military punctuality and quickness; so, forgetting the difficulty with which he sets his own family in motion, to perform a journey from Ramsgate to Southampton, he fondly supposes that the blast of a trumpet, sounding "boots and saddles," is sufficient to move any number of squadrons, baggage, horses, sick men, officers'-mess-establishments, and other *impedimenta*, at a moment's warning, to Lisbon, Gibraltar, Quebec, or Aliwal.

Little does he know the confusion created in a barrack-yard by the arrival of "the route"—the hurrying to and fro of orderlies, corporals, serjeants, and trumpeters—the grave and steady bustle of the colonel, and and his admiring imitator, the regimental serjeant-major—the hurried arrangements of the doctor, probably a married man, with a host of children—the frantic state of the adjutant, and calm despair of the riding-master, invariably a stalwart warrior, whose corpulent proportions it appears impossible for any horse to carry—the captains completely engrossed in the affairs of their respective troops, and the movement of their own baggage—the lieutenants thinking of "the girls that we left behind us"—and the cornets (happy dogs!) with the true elasticity of youth, swamping all their cares for the present, and regrets for the past, in golden anticipations of the future. We will pass over the difficulties of the mess-man, important as that functionary must unquestionably be; nor will we dwell upon the labors of bat-men and servants, packing up baggage, and stowing the most ingenious inventions into the smallest given space; or the discomforts of the handful of women, whose privilege it is to follow a regiment on service. It is enough to know that, out of this chaos of confusion, spring the elements of order and arrangement, and that, in twenty-four hours at the outside, every thing is ready for the road, the rail, the transport, or the field. Add to all this, the knowledge that the corps thus set in motion is about to leave home on active service, where promotion and distinction are as surely awaiting the survivors, as grape and musketry, round shot and sabre-cuts, are in store for those whose fate it may be never to see merry England again, and some idea may be formed of the excitement prevailing in the cavalry barracks at York one fine spring morning early in the present century, on the receipt of "the route" for the Peninsula by the gallant ——th Dragoons.

Ah! I was young in those days, and would not have exchanged my lieutenancy in that distinguished regiment, with my aspirations for military glory, and hopes for the future —no! not for a dukedom in possession. Like Mazeppa,

> I was a goodly stripling then;
> At seventy years I so may say;

and with youth, strength, health, and, above all, hope, with the world, not of reality, but of boyhood's dreams, all before me, could any position in life be more enviable than mine? I am old now, and, like all old men, somewhat inclined to overrate the advantages of youth. But I must strive to curb the garrulity which is so apt to steal on with increasing years, and tell my story in the off-hand fashion of the present day. It is not fair to lay hold of my courteous reader by the button, and inflict on him the unnecessary twaddle that shall dub me "bore."

Well; the gallant ——th were quartered at York, and "a glorious summer" we made it for the "sons of York," ay, and the daughters, too. Balls, pic-nics, races, theatricals, all the autumn—more balls, more theatricals, capital-hunting, famous shooting, all the winter. Yorkshire has ever been celebrated for the kindness and hospitality of its inhabitants. It still keeps up its character in that respect, as I am informed on all hands; but in those days I can vouch for every man's home being literally "his castle;" and truly we were free of them all.

Amongst the many from whom my brother officers and myself were sure of a hearty

welcome, none were more delighted to see us, or made us more perfectly at home, than Mr. Bolton, of Newnham Dale, and his three daughters. The "Squire," as he was called, over many a broad acre was one of a class which I hope I may never live to see fading from the face of our country. A kind landlord, a hospitable and affectionate friend, a refined scholar, and an enthusiastic sportsman, Mr. Bolton was the "beau ideal" of a thorough country gentleman, in the broadest sense of the word. I see him now in the old hall at Newnham Dale; we are coming in from pheasant-shooting in the wide woods that skirt his picturesque domain. A travelling carriage has just brought up a fresh accession of guests to partake of his hospitalities; and the Squire steps forward from the old oak fireplace, with a glow of pleasure on his handsome countenance—"a good portly man i' faith, and a corpulent, of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage"—receiving the ladies with all the refined courtesy of "the old school," lit up, as it were, by his own kind heart and affectionate disposition; while the cordial welcome with which he greets the rougher sex, makes the male guest at once feel completely at home. The eldest and youngest daughter are working by the light of the wood-fire, in a snug corner, so partitioned off and intrenched by ottomans, fauteuils, low chairs, tiny tables, footstools, and other lady-like encumbrances, that it almost forms a separate apartment. While coming through the billiard-room, I hear the rustle of a dress that my heart tells me can only belong to Mary Bolton, the second daughter of the hospitable "Squire," and the fairest girl in all the "north countrie."

I need not now be ashamed to confess that I was over head and ears in love with —or what, in military language, we irreverently denominated, spoony on—Mary Bolton; nor can such an event be a matter of astonishment. As for describing her, I hold it to be *impossible* to describe a woman. Beautiful she was, that I know, for I have heard her charms discussed in many a crowded drawing-room; good she was, for much as the Squire loved all his daughters, he never called Mary by any other name than "best of three." Graceful and lady-like, quiet, and "quite clever enough," all these I am convinced she must have been, when I try to think of her impartially, as another might; but it was none of these qualities that gave her that indescribable charm which to me she possessed. People now-a-days talk a great deal about "mesmerism;" I think it must have been *that;* I can only account for it by a "magnetic influence." "Je l'aimais, parceque c'était elle, et parceque c'était moi." And if you, my indulgent and venerable reader, will look back some fifty years into life, when your heart leapt to your lips, and the color rushed to your cheek, at the mere sound of a name, or if you, young and gallant cavalier, will seriously reflect upon the singular fact, that every one of your horses (of course, you pique yourself on your riding) bends himself into a curvet on passing one particular drawing-room window, and stops short, without any indication from his master, at one particular door, you will probably be able to give no better explanation of your respective conduct than the French sentence I have just quoted, as containing the whole essence and "morale" of an infatuation as mysterious as it is universal.

Well, although I was as conceited as most young men of my years, and a bold dragoon to boot, I blushed up to my eyes whenever "the second Miss Bolton"—as I reverently denominated my enslaver—made her appearance; and on the occasion that now presents itself so vividly to my recollection, I could hardly muster up courage for what I was dying to do—viz., to place a chair for her by her sisters' work-table, and ensconsing myself as near as possible to the wished-for spot, monopolize the whole conversation and attention of my ladye-love. Shall I ever forget my astonishment when, passing close to me, she whispered in a voice inaudible to all but myself,

"Will you step into the library, Mr. ——? I wish to speak to you alone."

"Heavens!" I thought, "what can it mean?" Beyond the fact of my standing in the position customary with gentlemen in polite society, and not balancing myself on my head, I was conscious of nothing, hardly of my own personal identity, though vouched for by a smart shooting-dress, and much-soiled gaiters. Visions of a declaration, began by the lady!—throwing ourselves on the mercy of her indulgent father—sale of commission—retirement in the country—

love in a cottage—with my own *governor's* awful resentment in the background—all this whirled through my brain, as hot and cold by turns I stood in the library, appointed as our trysting-place. I never knew exactly how I got there myself; and as for Mary, she might have come down the chimney for ought I knew to the contrary. However, the trance did not last long, for even as the application of the pure element to the brows of the sleeper—a process called by mischievous urchins "cold pig"—dispels, like an air-bubble, the dreamy creations of fancy, so was I literally startled back to my senses by the matter-of-fact, business-like manner in which Miss Bolton addressed me.

"Mr. ——, I wished to speak to you in private, about selling my brown horse."

"Your brown horse, Miss Bolton! very nice horse"—was all I could stammer out.

"The fact is," she proceeded, in the same calm, measured tones, "I wish to sell him for fifty pounds. I believe him to be worth a good deal more; and papa says he would at any time command that price; so I thought, Mr. ——, that perhaps you could dispose of him for me: only I want the money immediately. In fact, it is absolutely necessary I should have it in two days; and I must beg of you not to say a word upon the subject to any one."

I felt that this was the moment to become possessed of a treasure, so intimately associated with Mary Bolton; and accordingly, mystified as I was at the whole proceeding, I expressed my willingness to purchase the brown horse, and begged to be allowed to send for him at Miss Bolton's convenience. When buyer and seller are both of one mind, a bargain is easily concluded; and it was soon settled that the animal should be paid for by his new master in person, the very next evening, at a York ball which we were both to attend, and that, contrary to the usual practice in these cases, he should be delivered the following morning.

And now, Miss Bolton having succeeded in attaining her object, began, like a true woman, to experience sundry twinges of regret at that which, a few moments before, had appeared to be the point she was most anxious to gain; and it was not without certain chokings in that white throat, and overflowings of those violet eyes, that she consigned to me the care of her dumb favorite. "He was so gentle!—and would eat out of her hand: he was so handsome!—and Mr. —— would not cut his tail, she begged: and she had hunted him sometimes (with a smile); and he could leap so beautifully (with a blush); and if ever I went into any of those horrid battles—" Here poor Mary's voice failed her altogether, and with a hurried "good morning, Mr. ——; we shall meet to-morrow night at the ball," she rushed away by a door that led to the secluded regions of ladies' boudoirs and respectable married couples' chambers, in that old country house, far removed from the noise and racket of billiard-room range and bachelors' gallery.

The second Miss Bolton's eyes were somewhat red when she appeared at dinner, and I thought that she studiously avoided me, so as to allow of no further explanation as regarded our mysterious "*deal*." When, after a fair "symposium" over our host's most excellent claret, we walked into the drawing-room, the ladies had retired for the night; and as I was to breakfast early, and hunt my way back to the barracks the following day, I could only console myself by anticipating a confidential and delightful explanation at the coming ball.

"There were dandies in those days;" and as, in the present fashion, a young man prides himself chiefly on the extreme looseness of his garments, more particularly those in which he means to take violent exercise by standing in a doorway, and watching people attempt to dance,—so, in my time, we thought it impossible to gird up our loins too tightly, or to be brushed up, curled, and starched too severely, ere we offered ourselves up, willing victims to the barbarous institutions of our ancient Terpsichore. "Down the middle, and up again," through six-and-thirty couple, might well be called what old Major Dumb-bells of ours—an apoplectic dragoon, in a stock nine inches deep—hoarsely designated it, "a choker, my boy!"

My toilet on the evening in question was of the most elaborate kind, as befitted one who hoped to progress in the good graces of his fair. Whatever scope for decoration the military simplicity of a uniform afforded, was taken advantage of; and the buckle of my belt, on that important occasion, was drawn at least two holes

tighter than any previous experience of the strength and toughness of Russia leather could warrant. I was present in the body at mess, but any thing so absent as my behavior has not often been seen at that convivial institution of the —th Dragoons. In little humor was I for that popular description of "*badinage*," which the vulgar call "chaff;" and my thirst was of a kind which red port wine only served to aggravate; so, after an early cup of coffee, another turn at the hairbrushes in my barrack-room, with an abortive attempt to draw that infernal belt a hole tighter, I proceeded to the dazzling scene of my anticipated happiness.

Well may Byron talk of "the hopes and fears that shake a single ball." Could we look into the hearts of the merry throng who fill yon glittering hall, what jealousies, what anxieties, what flutterings of hope, what pangs of regret, should we not discover! Love and hatred, malice and revenge, generosity and ill-nature, passions both good and evil, all arising from a scene professedly of gayety and merry-making. Ladies! ladies! a ball is to you a matter of even greater importance than to ourselves. We beseech you, do not disclose your hearts as openly as you uncover your bosoms! Self-denial, and something almost akin to deception, have been the lessons most sedulously inculcated on your maiden minds; stick to the maternal precepts; smile if you will, and if your teeth are white, but not too kindly; look proper and dignified, though you feel ready to cry—calm and careless, though your hearts be breaking. Say, "I believe I'm engaged," when you would give your two dovelike eyes for but one five minutes' more conversation with him whose hand has been already accepted for a single quadrille. What matter that the opportunity may never occur again?—that he is dying to tell you what you are dying to hear—that on the next quarter of an hour the happiness for life of two persons may depend? "Mamma" and the world have laid down certain rules of propriety, and "Mamma" and the world must be obeyed; so you draw your glove a little higher, with a freezing smile, and repressing the bitter tears to curdle coldly round your heart, tears that shall gush unrestrained on your lonely pillow, when "Mamma" is enjoying the placid slumbers of conscious virtue, you bow your Grecian head, and bend your dainty ear, to the twaddle of some insipid coxcomb—one of the world's "monstrous gentlemanlike fellows"—and when you raise your eyes again, they look in vain among the crowd for that well-known form; they glance from face to face, in search of that kind, serious brow; he is not in this room, nor in the next, nor on the staircase with some more indulgent damsel; he is gone. You have made no half-expressed, well-understood appointment to meet again; you know not whether you shall see him more; you smile on, but you are sick at heart, and your brain is beating; you smile on, but it is a pale, wan smile, for love will not be denied, and you never felt before how much you love him; you think of the encouragement that might have been given, the return of affection he so well deserved; you wish you could but live the last half-hour of your life over again; something whispers, "too late!—too late!"

Mary Bolton gave me no opportunity of explanation certainly; I danced with her, but a country-dance is a bad medium of confidential communication; and declining all offers of tea, that convenient excuse for love-making, and disregarding all hints of the room being hot, and the flowers on the staircase well worth seeing, she walked me back to her aunt, a stiff old lady, well adapted for a chaperon, and receiving my note addressed to herself, and inclosing the fifty pounds for her horse, she thanked me coldly for performing her commission, and accepting "my cousin John's" arm for the next dance, left me planted by the forbidding old aunt, more in love than ever, horribly angry with myself for the little way I had made in the lady's good graces, and hugely inclined to pick a quarrel with "cousin John," as an infernally conceited fellow, and much too "bumptious," for a civilian.

Had I known what the morrow would bring forth, I think I could not have found it in my heart to part thus from Mary. I think even she would have felt it not unbecoming to show some interest in one so soon to be severed from her by the hoarse call of war; but truly none of us can tell what an hour may bring forth; and neither she nor I, on that evening, anticipated a parting of more than a few days. Long, long years were to elapse, and stirring

scenes to be enacted, in which one was destined to bear a part, ere we should meet again.

And now I see a figure wrapped in a horseman's cloak, and adorned by a gold-braided forage-cap, listlessly wearing through the moonlit hours of the "middle watch," on the deck of Government Transport, No. 9—a capacious old tub, which is stiffly and steadily working her way to windward over the long rolling swell of the Bay of Biscay—close-hauled is she on her course, for the breeze is steady from the southwest, and glorious is that boundless waste of waters, athwart whose hill and dale the flickering reflection of the moon seems to fling a glittering pathway, even to the far horizon, while myriads of fairies appear to be dancing their way along that road of gold. The old Transport makes tolerable way, as she bends industriously to her larboard tack, and the cavalry officer on watch, with one hand ever and anon removing a glowing cigar from his mouth, while the other grasps a friendly stay to aid a landsman's balance, who is he but the unacknowledged lover of bonny Mary Bolton, bound for the field of honor and promotion, the land of medal, clasp, and decoration—the blood-stained Peninsula?

We had marched from York the very morning after the ball I have mentioned; the brown horse promoted to second charger, had arrived in the nick of time, and after the usual jollities and humors of a march through England, we were now fairly embarked, and already half way to a land where a far different service from any we had yet seen awaited our corps. I was keeping "the middle watch," as was then the custom of the service, even for "sogers," when on board ship; and, moreover, I was thinking of Mary Bolton, when my reveries were interrupted by the second mate of the Transport, a smart sailor-like young fellow, of some five or six-and-twenty, who was not unwilling to relieve the tedium of his watch by my agreeable society, and one of my still more acceptable cigars.

"How are we getting on?" said I, the usual question of a landsman on a voyage.

"Making five knots, sir," was the reply; and after a slight pause in our conversation, he added, "I think as your rig'ment was last at York, sir, if I'm not mistaken."

I answered in the affirmative, and making a guess, from a slight north-country accent on my friend's tongue, though scarcely perceptible—for sailors, like soldiers, soon catch a tone and idiom peculiar to themselves—I inquired, "Do you know any thing of Yorkshire?"

"Well, sir, I'm Yorkshire myself," was the reply; "born and bred at Newnham Dale; till ten years of age. Maybe you know Newnham Dale, sir, and 'Squire Bolton—a kind, good gentleman is 'Squire Bolton—and the young ladies, too, God bless 'em, I owe 'em more nor ever I shall pay, and father likewise; but I ask your pardon, sir; perhaps you never see 'Squire Bolton?"

I longed to shake hands with the honest fellow, if it was only for knowing the Miss Boltons, and assured him, with my heart on my lips, that I was on intimate terms with the good 'squire and his whole family; and having once got him on the subject, he never stopped till he had told me the whole particulars of his birth, parentage, and education; and what interested me a good deal more, he described to me diverse circumstances connected with his own family, and the kind-hearted generosity of "Miss Mary," which entirely cleared up the mystery of the sale of her brown horse, and the secresy in which that affair was involved.

It appeared, from what the mate told me in his honest Yorkshire dialect,—for as he talked of home he got more and more provincial in his accent,—that his father had become seriously involved, in his small way, during the past summer, that in consequence of a rascally cousin, (then in America, of course,) he had become liable for an amount, that all he could realize in the world, without selling the necessary stock from his little farm, would be insufficient to liquidate; that the 'squire, having already returned him a half-year's rent, to assist him in making head against his difficulties, the old man's honest pride would not allow him to ask for any further assistance from that source; that his children had gathered round him, and offered all their savings, as in duty bound; that he, the sailor, had been home at the time, and "did what he could," as he modestly expressed the immediate production of three years' wages,—his all; but that, do what they would, and struggle as they might, there was still fifty pounds

wanting to set Farmer Bradley straight with the world, and to enable him to fight his way on, "not afeard," as he called it, "to look e'er a man in the face;" that this fifty pounds was not forthcoming, and the old farmer's distress was at its height, when, one evening, a letter arrived from the lawyer at York, who had managed poor Bradley's difficulties, stating that he had received a fifty-pound note to Farmer Bradley's account, which, with the money then in hand, would liquidate all claims against him, and set him square with the world; that they had no clew to discover who might be the donor of so acceptable a gift, and that it was only on the very morning my informant, the second son, Tom, departed to join his ship, that he was told by her old nurse, it was Miss Mary who had furnished the money, but that it was not to be mentioned, on any account, as she did not wish it known to any one; and, "poor dear," as the old nurse added, "she sold her horse, that, I've heard her say, she loved like a Christian, to be hunted to death by one of them soger-officers, God forgive 'em," to obtain the necessary sum, "and," logically added Tom Bradley, "if there's angels in heaven, that Miss Mary, she's a born angel on earth; and if she's not, I'm—" something or another, which had very little to do with the class of beings the honest young mate referred to.

The whole mystery was now cleared up; all my misgivings were at an end; whilst I had been puzzling my brain inventing clandestine reasons, and racking my heart, thinking hard thoughts against my ladye-love, she had been performing an act of charity and self-denial, in the truest sense of the word; and when I told Tom Bradley—as how could I help telling him?—that I was the "soger-officer" who had obtained Miss Mary's favorite, what wonder that, for the rest of the voyage, we jointly and severally petted the brown charger as never animal was petted before, even at sea? and that from the very night on which I became acquainted with his history, I distinguished him from the other two horses I possessed, in honor of his former mistress, as well as for his own intrinsic qualities, by the well-remembered title of "Best-of-Three."

It is not for me to dwell upon the series of adventures inseparable from such a campaign, as the one on which I now entered. Mighty operations were being carried on by the master warriors of that day, and the great Duke was building, step by step, that pinnacle of glory which was eventually to be crowned by the closing triumph of Waterloo.

In these operations, though but a unit in the mass, I bore my part. In common with the smallest drummer-boy in the army, I identified myself with its victories, as I shared its privations and its dangers; and we rather piqued ourselves on being in the thick of the latter. It was my pride to know, that even a subaltern of dragoons—even the charger that bore him—was part and parcel of that mighty whole, which was to shake the war-anointed Emperor on his throne, and to influence the destinies of the world.

A cavalry officer, like a centaur, is nothing without his other half—his trusty charger. No fish out of water looks half so helpless as a dismounted dragoon.

As the animal is so important a portion of the pair, I may be forgiven for devoting a few lines to the description of "Best-of-Three."

Next to talking of themselves, men are apt to take the greatest delight in talking of their horses, and mine was indeed the most glorious of his kind.

He was a rich dark-brown, rather low, but of extraordinary strength and symmetry of frame, with a beautiful little head, and small, pointed ears, which—when excited by the difficulty in front of him, whether fence or foe, a brook or a battery—turned inwards, till their quivering tips almost met. His back and loins were strength personified; he was thorough-bred, and as fast as the wind, with that instinctive love for all the display and trappings of war peculiar to the horse among animals, as to the weaker sex among the human race. In temper he was docile as high-couraged, "gentle and not fearful," with the faithful affection and almost the sagacity of a dog. He learnt his drill quicker than any charger that had ever before been placed under the tuition of our riding-master, and the colonel complimented me on his appearance, when we made our joint debut in the field. Poor old "Best-of-Three!" All I have left of you, is that

well-known hind foot, the only white about you, converted into the inkstand from which I now write. In truth, you were a gallant steed; and had your heart failed you in danger, or your limbs in difficulties, I had not been here now, to tell an old worn-out veteran's tale of a scurry for liberty and life.

It was during the winter, celebrated for that wonderful and elaborate scheme of defence, so successfully carried out by the most skillful warrior of the age, and known to history by the title of "the lines of Torres Vedras," that my tour of duty placed me on the look-out, as officer commanding a cavalry picket, in the immediate vicinity of one of the enemy's outposts—a situation of tolerable responsibility for a young soldier, and one requiring no small amount of alertness and vigilance. My instructions were to reach a certain point, if possible unobserved, and there to establish the head-quarters, as it were, of the party I commanded—to place my vedettes in such a manner as to guard against surprise; whilst, by means of a somewhat detached line of sentries, I kept open my communications with the rear. To these orders were added the usual injunctions on all service of this description—to make myself as much as possible acquainted with the nature of the surrounding country—the fords in a certain stream winding its way along my front—the bridges, if any, and whether practicable for artillery, &c., &c.; for all of which details the master-mind directing the whole of our operations appeared to have as provident a case as though its natural element were in the petty minutiæ of a subaltern's duty, whilst at the same time its comprehensive grasp was capable of wielding the power of an allied army.

My first care, on arriving at my post, was to establish myself in such a manner as to guard against surprise. I made sure that no detached party of the enemy could occupy a position between mine and the stream to my front; whilst I took care that the country behind me should be well reconnoitred, so as to secure a retreat in the event of collision with a superior force, as well as for the first military purpose, of keeping open my communications. There was a wooded and picturesque slope to my front, on the further side of the stream I have already mentioned, and this I determined to examine thoroughly before proceeding with my survey of the surrounding country.

Having brought my party to the spot we had fixed on for our bivouac and temporary head-quarters, I dismounted, and walked down to the stream, under whose friendly banks I contrived to keep myself closely concealed, while with the aid of my glass I made good the whole of the opposite ridge. After a pretty accurate survey, I felt tolerably secure, and returning to our watch-fire, at which my men had already begun their simple cookery, I received the reports of my two serjeants, and tightening the girths of "Best-of-Three," whom I had fortunately brought with me on this arduous service, I rode quietly away by myself, to make what further discoveries I could as to the locality of the enemy, the disposition of the peasantry, and any other information I could gather, which might prove useful to myself, or my commanding officer.

I rode carefully along, rounding the base of the opposite hill, and ever keeping a wary look-out on each side of me; but no signs of human habitation, or of the presence of man, could I detect. Wild, rugged, and picturesque, the eye of the painter would have been enraptured at every turn of my path; but sketching was not my object, and I was beginning to calculate how far I must have come from my post, and to have sundry misgivings as to whether I had sufficiently attended to my orders, with regard to making myself acquainted with the stream, and its deep and dangerous fords, when my attention was suddenly arrested by a thin white line of smoke, only just visible against the brown copsewood which clothed the surface of a hill some two miles to my right. This, I conjectured, must come from some farm-house, hut, or cottage, and here I thought my slight knowledge of the language of the country might be advantageously brought into play. Accordingly, I turned my horse's head in the direction of the line of vapor, and trotted briskly forward towards some distant inclosures, which I thought must surely lead me to what I now felt confident was a farm-house. These inclosures I found to consist of high and strong hedges, almost impervious in any place, even to the eye, and what we should have called in England "bullfinches," of the severest description. As I rode through the gate into one of these

fields, my thoughts insensibly wandered back to merry England, and the cheering music of the hound—to the green pastures of Yorkshire, and the quiet smile of Mary Bolton, when my day-dreams were dispelled, and myself and horse most unequivocally startled, by the singing whistle of a ball over our heads, and the sharp ringing report of a carbine, followed by the simultaneous appearance of three well-mounted French dragoons, belonging to the heaven-knows-what regiment of hussars of the line, who emerged from a thicket in the corner of the very field I was so unsuspiciously crossing, and came thundering towards me "ventre a terre," and blaspheming in chorus that I was to render myself into their hands. I made up my mind in a moment. The gate behind me led into a lane, out of which the fence I had remarked, though large, was practicable, and wheeling "Best-of-Three" suddenly round upon his haunches, I made for this outlet at the very best speed I was master of—about one stride for every two of the French hussars. Disregarding an uncertain shot from one of my new acquaintances, who pulled up to administer the compliment, I was coming rapidly down to the gateway, when, to my horror, a fourth hussar made his appearance through that very entrance, and slamming the gate (a new strong piece of timber as man could wish to see) behind him, came "sacré-ing" on in my very teeth, with such determination that I saw a collision was unavoidable. He was upon me like lightning; and I had just time to draw my sword, parry his thrust, and return it ineffectually, when I found we were within three strides of the now-closed gate. I collected "Best-of-Three" for the effort, and high as it was, he jumped it like a bird. Alas! alas! only to land me in the lane, amidst the plaudits and bravoes of some score or two of hussars, belonging to the same regiment as my previous antagonists, now left *planté* in the field. There I was, right in the middle of them; and there was nothing for it but to submit with a good grace and a pleasant countenance. I rode up to the officer in command, a grizzled veteran, all mustaches and chin-tuft, very haggard, and very war-like, and much resembling an old Scotch terrier, and handing him my sword with a bow, I muttered something about "Fortune de la guerre," pulled out a cigar-case, offered him a weed, which he accepted with exalted politeness, and striking a light, proceeded to smoke, with the air of a man who is perfectly satisfied with himself, and the position in which he is placed. Whether my sang-froid pleased them—and there is nothing a Frenchman admires so much as that philegmatic quality, in which he is himself so deficient—or whether they were delighted with the courage and agility displayed by my horse—or whether their national chivalry of character induces them always to respect a prisoner as such, I know not; but I had no reason to complain of my treatment. I was allowed to ride perfectly unconstrained between the "vieux capitaine" commanding, and a *rusé* old serjeant-major, who had survived the Italian campaign, as he informed me. The captain conversed, freely and unreservedly, on every topic connected with the war, including my own capture, which had been arranged with great tact and secresy.

It appears I had been seen by their sentries making for the line of white smoke, which arose from their own watch-fires. The three hussars whom I first saw had been sent to intercept me; and the shots fired at me were to serve the double purpose of warning their comrades in the lane, and wounding myself or charger, so as to make a certainty of my falling into their hands. The dragoon who had so unceremoniously slammed the gate in my face, thought by that means to ensure my capture, after an exciting chase round the field; and his comrades confessed themselves much surprised at the appearance of "ce beau cheval" and "monsieur le capitaine Anglais" dropping, as if from the clouds, in the midst of them.

Nothing in the olden time, not even in the most chivalrous period of the middle ages, could equal the exalted politeness with which the adverse outposts in the Peninsula carried on their hostilities. Instances of reciprocal courtesy, such as invitations to dinner, interchange of provisions, and abstaining from all useless annoyances, were of daily occurrence. Sometimes the apparent contradiction of enemies being on such terms was fiercely ludicrous. Witness the ghastly message sent by a French officer of high rank to one of our most distinguished commanders of cavalry, begging him (with his compliments!) to give orders that our dra-

goons should have their sabres sharpened more keenly, as several of the wounded in the French hospitals suffered severely from the jagged end of the weapon with which, in hand-to-hand encounters, the British soldier dealt his crushing blow. Need I add the message was received and acted upon in the spirit in which it was sent? As for cooks, valuable as such officials are in a campaign, they were continually being sent back and exchanged, with the utmost readiness and good will. A cook, like a surgeon, was never obliged to hurry himself or discompose his chemical arrangements, as whether a prisoner or at large, whichever side gained the day, he was equally certain of consideration and good treatment.

A singular coincidence as regarded these amicable hostilities came under the notice of some officers belonging to one of our hussar regiments, with whom I am well acquainted, and who will vouch for the facts as they are related in the following curious instance of the wild, retributive justice of war:—

My friends, a captain and subaltern, were on outpost duty, as usual, in the immediate vicinity of a French picket, and from the nature of the ground and the earlier arrival of the British force, were enabled to command the only spring at which water was attainable for many miles, in that parched and arid country. As they sat round their fire, a single French serjeant was seen making his way on foot, up the hill, towards them, and waving his hand with gestures evidently deprecating hostilities. He was allowed to approach, and asking for the officer in command, he presented "Monsieur le capitaine's" compliments, and begged that his men might be allowed to water their horses at the spring without molestation. This request was instantly and graciously acceded to; nor was there any dereliction of duty in so doing, as the post my friend occupied was merely one of observation, and his orders were, upon no account to annoy or hazard a rencounter with the enemy. No sooner had a courteous affirmative to his message been delivered to the French officer, than he mounted his horse, galloped up to the little camp of English cavalry, and threw himself in the midst of them. With all the volubility of his nation, he thanked them for their politeness in the name of himself, his men, his horses, and his Emperor! gave them his address in Paris, swore eternal brotherhood, and remained to partake of their simple campaigning fare. Ere he left, after making himself most agreeable, and singing them "chansons" without end, in a most melodious voice, he again thanked them warmly for their kindness and hospitality, informing them that as he was under orders to retire upon the head-quarters of his corps the following day, he should leave some white bread, coffee, and brandy at his present post, for the use of his English friends; hoped they might some day meet without holding "le *sabr-r-re* à la main," and took quite an affectionate leave of his entertainers. Curiously enough, that very night, whilst my friends were discussing their visitor, and voting him energetically a right good fellow, they received orders to drive in the enemy's outpost at daybreak the following morning. Those who had passed the cup from lip to lip in jovial companionship but twelve hours ago, were now to be opposed hand-to-hand in mortal combat. The French out-post was brilliantly carried after a sharp and decisive skirmish, and my friends, on occupying the ground previously held by the enemy, found the French captain's body lying stark and stiff, actually within three paces of the small package of luxuries which, according to promise, had been left for the use of his entertainers of the previous evening.

He was a capital swordsman, and more than one of our hussars had fallen to his deadly thrusts, when Serjeant Green, the smartest non-commissioned officer belonging to my friend's troop, shot him dead through the heart, without a rest, at fifteen paces, remarking first that the French officer appeared to be "troublesome," and secondly, that it was "pretty fair practice for a holster-pistol." Poor fellow! they dug his grave then and there, and with a soldier's tear and a soldier's prayer, they laid him in his lowly resting-place, and my friend, with a feeling of respect which did him honor, found time ere he pursued his march, to mark the spot of the gallant Frenchman's last bivouac, by cutting a white cross in the bark of a fine old tree, which overshadowed the scene of an enemy's death and a warrior's burial.

Time slipped on, and the distinguished regiment to which my friend belonged had

ever the luck, where blows were going, to be in the thick of them. Exactly one year after the skirmish I have mentioned, on that very day twelvemonth it was his lot, as major of the regiment, to reconnoitre the identical spot of ground which had witnessed the gallantry and death of the French officer, previous to an operation in which cavalry were destined to bear an important part. Singularly enough, he was accompanied only by Serjeant Green; and readily did they recognize the scene of their bivouac and triumph of the previous year. There were the marks of the camp-fire round which the French dragoons assembled, there stood the fine old tree under which their officer was buried; and Serjeant Green dismounted to clear away the moss and bark from the edges of the white cross, which still remained to mark the spot where his chivalrous foe lay. He was in the act of removing with the point of his sword the trifling irregularities which had overgrown that emblem of peace and good-will, when a shot from a French "tirailleur," covered by some bushes at a hundred and fifty yards distance, crashed through his brain, and, springing into the air, Serjeant Green fell on his face a dead man.

Within three hours, his comrades buried him in the very grave he had himself assisted to dig but a year before. They laid him by the French officer who had fallen by his hand. They mourned him for twenty-four hours, and then a corporal became a serjeant, and a private a corporal, "vice Serjeant Green, killed in action;" and he was forgotten.

So was it in all probability with him whose grave he shared. A comrade lost is soon replaced. Stirring scenes and constant danger cannot fail to blunt the natural sorrow of a soldier's breast. Promotion fills the void, and our fallen friend is as though he had never been. And now there they lie, side by side, the chivalrous Gaul and the sturdy Saxon, rotting in a land whose very existence need hardly have affected the destiny of either of them. What had they to do with Spain,—children of merry England and sunny France,—that they should shed their hearts' blood to enrich her soil? Promotion they sought and glory; for these they were content to wade through blood and slaughter; they panted and prayed for war. Verily, this is war; and they have their reward.

But all this time I am making my way to the enemy's camp—a prisoner, certainly, but, in consideration of my being disarmed, allowed to ride perfectly at my ease. I need not dwell on the compliments paid to my horsemanship, or the admiration lavished on "Best-of-Three," on my way. We soon reached their fires; and could I have forgotten the disagreeable fact, that I was no longer a free agent, and divested myself of sundry misgivings as to the fate of my party, deprived of their commanding officer, I should have spent a very pleasant evening. The old captain of hussars shared with me his soup, his cigar-case, and his brandy-flask; "Best-of-Three" obtained more than his due portion of forage; and when at length I lay down to rest, enveloped in my own cloak, which had accompanied me in my adventures, I felt that although a prisoner, I was considered as much a guest as though mine host had been living in his own *château*, and able to offer me all the luxuries of baths, dressing-rooms, and toilet-tables.

I lay between two French privates, whilst a sentry, pacing his short walk to and fro, with his eye continually glancing towards his charge, made it absurd to dream of the possibility of escape. I cannot say that I slept much. The French officer had informed me that he was to proceed to another out-post the following morning, whilst I was to be sent, horse and all, of course under sufficient escort, to the head-quarters of his regiment. These tidings, though received at the time with an air of military *insouciance*, weighed heavily at my heart. When should I ever see my comrades more? Where were all my hopes of distinction vanished? Dear old England! shall I ever tread your shores again?

Such reflections as these were enough to banish sleep; and I strove to divert my mind by watching the proceedings of my captors, their mode of relieving guard, &c., and their extreme vigilance and alertness, though accompanied by what we should consider somewhat slack discipline.

Amongst other precautions, I remarked one that was then new to me, although I have since ascertained it was occasionally adopted in our own service. A drum, rather an unusual piece of furniture in a

bivouac of cavalry, was strung as tightly as possible, and a bullet placed on the centre of its calf-skin surface; this I learned was the most efficient of all sentries: the foot-fall of the smallest body of men will create a sufficient movement in the atmosphere to cause a vibration of the bullet, easily heard on the vellum, in its state of extreme tension; and thus the alarm is given, whilst the advancing party is still at such a distance as to defy the most acute ear. In our case, all remained quiet; and, towards morning, I dropped into a half-slumber, soon to be broken by the bustle and preparation of a march. A cup of coffee, prepared by my host's own hand, a few hurried words of farewell, and compliments, such as none but a Frenchman would think appropriate at such a time, and I found myself sitting on a French charger, weak and under-sized, but superbly caparisoned, between two troopers, one of whom bestrode "Best-of-Three," much to their mutual annoyance. My horse had a very fine mouth, and the Frenchman's hands were more vigorous than sensitive. Even in my own forlorn plight, I could not help feeling foolishly distressed at seeing my favorite made so uncomfortable. Once or twice he reared in a fashion that I thought must have dissolved the inappropriate partnership; but his rider clung like a monkey to his *monture;* and so they went discordantly on, the horse fretting, champing, snatching, and sidling, whilst the equestrian *sacré-ed*, and swore, and spurred, in thorough insecurity and discomfort.

I felt quite relieved when, a little before noon, we halted to slacken our girths, water our horses, and rest them for an hour or two before proceeding on our march. I took the opportunity of getting near my charger to caress him, and endeavor to make him some amends for his previous annoyance. My escort consisted of a serjeant, a corporal, and four privates; two of the latter, though with perfect civility, always closely watching their prisoner. The idea of escape was ever in my mind; but the vigilance of my two guards made such an attempt almost impossible. Suddenly, as I was in the act of loosening my favorite's girths—for I was politely allowed to take charge of him myself during our halt—he raised his head in an attitude of startled attention, turning one ear outward, as though he recognized some familiar sound. I listened, and for an instant I thought I recognized the note of a hound. It must have been fancy. Psha! it was impossible; but still my horse turned his head towards the wind, and I was sure, by his eager eye and distended nostril, that he, too, was aware of something unusual—something that, from the force of habit, was calling up all his energies, and exciting my gallant courser to the utmost. Again I heard the well-known notes, now not to be mistaken,—the twang of a horn, and the increasing music of the pack running hard. My captors were soon on the *qui vive*, and ere five minutes had elapsed, the body of the hounds swept into view, accompanied by one man in scarlet and hunting-cap, whom, even at a distance, I recognized as merry Tom Crane, huntsman to the pack of hounds which the Duke of Wellington then kept in the Peninsula.

"They must have had a capital thing," thought I, "to be so far over *the lines*," or, as we should say at home, "out of their country;" and then it flashed across my mind, that now or never was the opportunity. My two guards, one with his hand on my wrist, were watching the sport in open-mouthed admiration and delight; the other four soldiers were mounting their horses, with the hopeless idea of taking Tom Crane prisoner, under the impression that such a *piqueur* would be a prize indeed. Now for it! With all my might—and I could hit pretty hard in those days—I struck the soldier who was not holding me a left-hander under the ear, that, despite of shako and gorget, sent him down as if he had been shot; whilst, at the same moment, I disengaged my right hand from his comrade's grasp, and sprung desperately into the saddle which adorned my trusty steed.. Luckily for me, the force with which my remaining guard laid hold of "Best-of-Three's rein caused him to rear right up on end, and striking wildly out with his fore-feet, he disabled the arm that held him in its grasp, just as two of the escort, who had already mounted, were upon his quarters.

Never was a horse so quick on his legs as my old charger; for the first hundred yards it was indeed "touch-and-go;" the Frenchmen having the advantage of being already in their stride whilst I was starting. For-

tunately their proximity prevented their comrades from firing, but I could almost fancy I felt their sabres cutting at me, till I got my horse fairly into his swing, and had room enough to turn his head towards the hounds. In the mean time, however, my other captors, with the exception of the gentleman who "was floored," had made a most skillful circuit, in order to cut me off, and I found there was nothing for it but to gallop straight ahead, down hill, towards a deep scrambling-looking ravine, that it appeared just possible to get over. As I neared it, it looked larger and larger, and, for a moment, I doubted it was impracticable; but the way my favorite was going under me, his ears pointed towards the difficulty, his short rapid strides, showing that he, at least, had made up his mind as to what he should do, gave me all the confidence I required, and taking him fast by the head, I urged him to the extreme pace he could command, whilst going in a collected form; we charged it unhesitatingly, and *just* landed on the further side as a ball whistled over our heads; and Crane, whose hounds had by this time checked, and who had seen and understood the whole escape and chase, gave a twang upon his horn, for the double purpose of diverting the attention of the pursuers, and encouraging and guiding the pursued. As I took a pull at my horse up the opposite rise, I looked back to see how my friends, or rather my enemies, would negotiate the obstacle I had placed between us. The leading Frenchman forced his horse courageously into the ravine, and the last I saw of him was a shako bobbing up and down just above the surface of mother earth; and judging from the profound abyss that passed beneath my eye, as I shot athwart it, I should say that it must have taken several hours, and a team of cart-horses, to extricate him. His comrades, after firing two or three ineffectual shots, rode round by another way in a fruitless attempt to outflank, and so capture us; but Crane, who seemed to look upon the whole thing as a delightful piece of fun, got up for his special amusement, getting his hounds round him, and bidding me follow, soon put two or three such fences between ourselves and our pursuers as secured us from further molestation.

Fond as I am of hunting, never before, or since, have I been so rejoiced to see a pack of foxhounds; and Crane, after the finest run he ever rode to, never brought home with him a more delightful sportsman. That night I slept again surrounded by British uniforms, and I had the satisfaction of learning that my party, after I was taken prisoner, had retired upon head-quarters without loss, and taking with them a satisfactory report, such as it would have been my duty to make.

The great duke himself was informed of the particulars of my escape; and many years afterwards, when I had the honor of being in company with his Grace, reminded me of the circumstance in his characteristic manner. "Still fond of hunting—still fond of hunting, eh? don't ride so hard though, *now*, I'll answer for it."

I have now only to add, that "Best-of-Three," has often since carried his old mistress, though no longer as Mary Bolton; and though, in after years, I have possessed many a good and gallant steed, I have never forgotten my old favorite, whose speed and courage saved me from the degradation and misery of a French prison.

NONSENSE VERSES.

Qu'il est heureux de se défendre,
Quand le cœur ne s'est pas rendu!
Mais qu'il est facheux de se rendre,
Quand le bonheur est suspendu!
Par un discours sans suite et tendre,
Egarer un cœur éperdu;
Souvent par un mal-entendu,
L'amant adroit se fait entendre.

How happy to defend our heart,
When love has never thrown a dart!
But ah! unhappy, when it bends,
While pleasure her soft bliss suspends.
Sweet in a wild disordered strain
A lost and wandering heart to gain,
Oft, in mistaken language wooed,
The skillful lover's understood.

This song has such a resemblance to meaning, that the celebrated Fontenelle, hearing it sung, imagined he had a glimpse of sense, and desired to have it repeated. "Don't you see (said Madame de Tencin) that they are NONSENSE VERSES?" "It resembles so much (replied the malignant wit) the fine verses I have heard here, that it is not surprising I should for once be mistaken."

From "Dickens' Household Words."

SPITALFIELDS.

HAVE you any distinct idea of Spitalfields, dear reader? A general one, no doubt you have—an impression that there are certain squalid streets, lying like narrow black trenches, far below the steeples, somewhere about London—towards the East, perhaps,—where sallow, unshorn weavers, who have nothing to do, prowl languidly about, or lean against posts, or sit brooding on door-steps, and occasionally assemble together in a crowd to petition Parliament or the Queen; after which there is a Drawing-Room, or a Court Ball, where all the great ladies wear dresses of Spitalfields manufacture; and then the weavers dine for a day or two, and so relapse into prowling about the streets, leaning against the posts, and brooding on the door-steps. If your occupation in town or country ever oblige you to travel by the Eastern Counties Railway (you would never do so, of course, unless you were obliged) you may connect with this impression, a general idea that many pigeons are kept in Spitalfields, and you may remember to have thought, as you rattled along the dirty streets, observing the pigeon-hutches and pigeon-traps on the tops of the poor dwellings, that it was a natural aspiration in the inhabitants to connect themselves with any living creatures that could get out of that, and take a flight into the air. The smoky little bowers of scarlet-runners that you may have some times seen on the house-tops, among the pigeons, may have suggested to your fancy—I pay you the poor compliment of supposing it to be a vagrant fancy, like my own—abortions of the bean-stalk that led Jack to fortune: by the slender twigs of which, the Jacks of Spitalfields will never, never, climb to where the giant keeps his money.

Will you come to Spitalfields?

Turning eastward out of the most bustling part of Bishopsgate, we suddenly lose the noise that has been resounding in our ears, and fade into the quiet church-yard of the Priory of St. Mary, Spital, otherwise "Domus Dei et Beatæ Mariæ, extra Bishopsgate, in the Parish of St. Botolph." Its modern name is Spital Square. Cells and cloisters were, at an early date, replaced by substantial burgher houses, which, since the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, in 1685, have been chiefly the depositories of the silk manufacture introduced into London, by the French Huguenots, who flew from the perfidy of Louis the Fourteenth. But much of the old quiet cloistered air, still lingers in the place.

The house to which we are bound, stands at an angle with the spot where the Pulpit-cross was anciently planted; whence, on every Easter Monday and Tuesday, the Spital sermons were preached, in presence of the Lord Mayor and Corporation, and children of Christ's Hospital. We cross the many-cornered "square" and enter a sort of gateway.

Along a narrow passage, up a dark stair, through a crazy door, into a room not very light, not very large, not in the least splendid; with queer corners, and quaint carvings, and massive chimney-pieces; with tall cupboards with prim-doors, and squat counters with deep dumpy drawers; with desks behind thin rails, with aisles between thick towers of papered-up packages, out of whose ends flash all the colors of the rainbow—where all is as quiet as a playhouse at daybreak, or a church at midnight—where, in truth, there is nobody to make a noise, except one well-dressed man, one attendant porter, (neither of whom seem to be doing any thing particular,) and one remarkably fine male cat, admiring, before the fire, the ends of his silky paws—where the door, as we enter, shuts with a deep, dull, muffled sound, that is more startling than a noise—where there is less bustle than at a Quakers' meeting, and less business going on than in a Government office—the well-dressed man threads the mazes of the piles, and desks, and cupboards, and counters, with a slow step, to greet us, and to assure us, in reply to our apology, that we have *not* made any mistake whatever, and that we are in the silk warehouse which we seek: a warehouse in which, we have previously been informed, by one whose word we never before doubted, that there is "turned over" an annual average of one hundred thousand pounds, of good and lawful money of Great Britain.

We may tell our informant, frankly, that, looking round upon the evidences of stagnation which present themselves, we utterly disbelieve his statement. Our faith, however, is soon strengthened. Somebody mounts

the stairs, and enters the apartment with the deliberate air of a man who has nothing whatever to do, but to walk about in a beautifully brushed hat, a nicely-fitting coat admirably buttoned, symmetrical boots, and a stock of amazing satin; to crush his gloves tightly between his hands, and to call on his friends, to ask them—as this gentleman asks our friend—how he is getting on; and whether he has been down "yonder" lately, (a jerk eastward of the glossy hat;) and, if he hasn't, whether he intends going down next Sunday, because if he does, he (the visitor) means to go too, and will take him down in his "trap." He then, in a parenthetical, post-scriptum sort of way, alludes to certain "assorted Glacés," and indicates the pile of silks he means by the merest motion of his ring finger. "The figure is—" says he.

"Two and seven," replies the vendor. "How many pieces shall I put aside?"

"Well—fifty. By the by, have you heard?"—Mr. Broadelle (our friend) has *not* heard, and the visitor proceeds to announce, from unimpeachable authority, that the match between Mr. Crumpley of Howell's, and Miss Lammy of Swan's, is to come off at last: in fact, next Thursday. Cordial "good-by;" graceful elevation of the polished hat to myself; and departure of, as Mr. Broadelle informs us, one of his best customers.

"Customer?"

"Yes! You heard! He has just bought fifty pieces of silk of various or 'assorted' colors."

"At two shillings and sevenpence per yard!"

"Just so. And there are eighty-four yards in a piece."

Our organs of calculation are instantly wound up, and set a-going. The result brought out when these phrenological works have run down, is, that this short, easy, jaunty gossip began and ended a transaction involving the sum of five hundred and forty-two pounds ten shillings. No haggling about price; no puffing of quality, on one side, or depreciation of it on the other. The silks are not even looked at. How is this?

"Our trade," says our friend, in explanation, "has been reduced to a system that enables us to transact business with the fewest possible words, and in the easiest possible way. The gentleman who has just left, is Messrs. Treacy and McIntyre's silk-buyer. That department of their establishment is handed over to his management as unrestrictedly and unreservedly as if the whole concern were his own. In like manner, the different branches of large houses—such as cotton, woollen, hosiery, small wares, &c.—are placed under the control of similar buyers. At the end of every half year, an account is taken of the stewardship of each of these heads of department; and, if his particular branch has not flourished—should the stock on hand be large and unsalable—the Buyer is called to account, and his situation jeopardized. The partners, of course, know the capabilities and peculiarities of their trade, and can tell, on investigation, how and why the Buyer has been at fault. If, on the contrary, the Buyer has narrowly watched the public taste, and fed it successfully,—if he has been vigilant in getting early possession of the most attractive patterns, or in pouncing on cheap markets, by taking advantage, for instance, of the embarrassments of a "shaky" manufacturer or a French revolution, (for he scours the country at home and abroad in all directions,) and if his department come out at the six-monthly settlement with marked profit—his salary is possibly raised. Should this success be repeated, he is usually taken into the firm as a partner."

"But, *no* judgment was exercised in the bargain just made. The Buyer did not even look at your goods."

"That is the result of previous study and experience. It is the art that conceals art. He need not examine the goods. He has learned the characteristics of our dyes to a shade, and the qualities of our fabrics to a thread."

"Then, as to price. I suppose your friend is lounging about, in various other Spitalfields warehouses at this moment. Perhaps by this time he has run his firm into debt for a few thousand pounds more?"

"Very likely."

"Well; suppose a neighbor of yours were to offer him the same sort of silks as those he has just chosen here, for less money, could he not—as no writing has passed between you—be off his bargain with you?"

"Too late. The thing is done, and cannot be undone," answers Mr. Broadelle, made a

little serious by the bare notion of such a breach of faith. "Our bargain is as tight as if it had been written on parchment and attested by a dozen witnesses. His very existence as a Buyer, and mine as a Manufacturer, depend upon the scrupulous performance of the contract. I shall send in the silks this afternoon. And I feel as certain of a check for the cash, at our periodical settlement, as I do of death and quarter-day."

It is difficult to reconcile the immense amount of capital which flows through such a house as this—the rich stores of satins, velvets, lutestrings, brocades, damasks, and other silk textures, which Mr. Broadelle brings to light from the quaint cupboards and drawers—with the poignant and often-repeated cry of poverty that proceeds from this quarter.

What says Mr. Broadelle to it? He says this:

"Although most masters make this locality their head-quarters, and employ the neighboring weavers, yet they nearly all have factories in the provinces: chiefly in Lancashire. The Spitalfields weaver of plain silks and velvets, therefore, keeps up a hopeless contest against machinery and cheaper labor, and struggles against overwhelming odds. Will you step round and see a family engaged in this desperate encounter?"

"Is there no remedy?" we ask, as we go out together.

"A very simple one. In the country—say in Suffolk, where we have a hand-weaving factory—food is cheaper and better; both food for the stomach, and food for the lungs."

"The air is better, so less money, you think, would be spent in drink?"

"Undoubtedly. Fancy yourself stewed up in a stifling room all day; imagine the lassitude into which your whole frame would collapse after fourteen hours' mere inhalation of a stale, bad, atmosphere—to say nothing of fourteen hours' hard work in addition; and consider what stern self-denial it would require to refrain from some stimulant—a glass of bad gin, perhaps—if you could get it. On the other hand, the fresh air which plays around country looms, exhilarates in itself, and is found to be a substitute for gin."

"I have also heard that the atmosphere of London is positively detrimental to the manufacture of silk. Is that so?"

"Why, sir," replies Mr. Broadelle, stopping short, and speaking like a deeply-injured man, "the two-days' fog we had in December last, was a dead loss to me of one hundred pounds. The blacks (London genuine particular) got into the white satins, despite the best precautions of the workpeople, and put them into an ugly, foxy, unsalable half-mourning, sir. They would not even take a dye, decently. I had to send down, express, to our Suffolk branch to supply the deficiency; and the white satins, partly woven there on the same days, came up as white as driven snow."

Considering that both the worker and the work are deteriorated by an obstinate tenure of the present dense and unfit site, it seems wonderful that the weavers themselves are not as anxious to remove from a noxious and unprofitable neighborhood as their well-wishers can be to effect their removal. From fourteen to seventeen thousand looms are contained in from eleven to twelve thousand houses—although, at the time at which we write, not more than from nine to ten thousand of them are at work. The average number of houses per acre in the parish is seventeen; and the average per acre for all London being no more than five and a fifth, Spitalfields contains the densest population, perhaps, existing. Within its small boundaries, not less than eighty-five thousand human beings are huddled. "They are," says Mr. Broadelle, "so interlaced, and bound together, by debt, marriage, and prejudice, that, despite many inducements to remove to the country establishments of the masters they already serve, they prefer dragging on a miserable existence in their present abodes. Spitalfields was the Necropolis of Roman London; the Registrar-General's returns show that it is now the grave of modern Manufacturing London. The average mortality is higher in this Metropolitan district than in any other."

"And what strange streets they are, Mr. Broadelle! These high, gaunt houses, all window on the upper story, and that window all small diamond panes, are like the houses in some foreign town, and have no trace of London in them—except its soot, which is indeed a large exception. It is as if the Huguenots had brought their streets along

with them, and dropped them down here. And what a number of strange shops, that seem to be open for no earthly reason, having nothing to sell! A few halfpenny bundles of firewood, a few halfpenny kites, halfpenny battledores, and farthing shuttle-cocks, form quite an extensive stock in trade here. Eatables are so important in themselves, that there is no need to set them off. Be the loaves never so coarse in texture, and never so unattractively jumbled together in the baker's dirty window, they *are* loaves, and that is the main thing. Liver, lights, and sheep's-heads, freckled sausages, and strong black puddings, are sufficiently enticing without decoration. The mouths of Spitalfields will water for them, howsoever raw and ugly they be. Is its intellectual appetite sharp-set, I wonder, for that wolfish literature of highly-colored show-bill and rampant wood-cut, filling the little shop-window over the way, and covering half the house? Do the poor weavers, by the dim light of their lamps, unravel those villainous fabrics, and nourish their care-worn hearts on the last strainings of the foulest filth of France?"

"I can't say," replies Mr. Broadelle; "we have but little intercourse with them in their domestic lives. They are rather jealous and suspicious. We have tried Mechanics' Institutions, but they have not come to much."

"Is there any school here?"

"Yes. Here it is."

An old house, hastily adapted to the purpose, with too much darkness in it and too little air, but no want of scholars. An infant school on the ground-floor, where the infants are, as usual, drowsily rubbing their noses, or poking their fore-fingers into the features of other infants on explanatory surveys. Intermediate schools above. At the top of all, in a large, long, light room—occupying the width of two dwelling-houses, as the room made for the weaving, in the old style of building, does—the "ragged school."

"Heaven send that all these boys may not grow up to be weavers here, Mr. Broadelle, nor all these girls grow up to marry them!"

"We don't increase much, now," he says. "We go for soldiers, or we go to sea, or we take to something else, or we emigrate, perhaps."

Now, for a sample of the parents of these children. Can you find us a man and wife who should be in Lancashire, or Suffolk, or anywhere rather than here? Nothing easier to find in Spitalfields. Enter by this doorway.

Up a dark narrow winding public stair, such as are numerous in Lyons or in the wynds and closes of the old town of Edinburgh, and into a room where there are four looms; one idle, three at work.

A wan thin eager-eyed man, weaving in his shirt and trowsers, stops the jarring of his loom. He is the master of the place. Not an Irishman himself, but of Irish descent.

"Good-day!"

"Good-day!" Passing his hand over his rough chin, and feeling his lean throat.

"We are walking through Spitalfields, being interested in the place. Will you allow us to look at your work?"

"Oh! certainly."

"It is very beautiful. Black velvet?"

"Yes. Every time I throw the shuttle, I cut out this wire, as you see, and put it in again—so!" Jarring and clashing at the loom, and glancing at us with his eager eyes.

"It is slow work."

"Very slow." With a hard, dry cough, and the glance.

"And hard work."

"Very hard." With the cough again.

After a while, he once more stops, perceiving that we really are interested, and says, laying his hand upon his hollow breast and speaking in an unusually loud voice, being used to speak through the clashing of the loom:

"It tries the chest, you see, leaning forward like this for fifteen or sixteen hours at a stretch."

"Do you work so long at a time?"

"Glad to do it when I can get it to do. A day's work like that, is worth a matter of three shillings."

"Eighteen shillings a week."

"Ah! But it ain't always eighteen shillings a week. I don't always get it, remember! One week with another, I hardly get more than ten, or ten-and-six."

"Is this Mr. Broadelle's loom?"

"Yes. This is. So is that one there;" the idle one.

"And that, where the man is working?"

"That's another party's. The young man working at it, pays me a shilling a week for leave to work here. That's a shilling, you

know, off my rent of half-a-crown. It's rather a large room."

"Is that your wife at the other loom?"

"That's my wife. She's making a commoner sort of work, for bonnets and that."

Again his loom clashes and jars, and he leans forward over his toil. In the window by him, is a singing-bird in a little cage, which trolls its song, and seems to think the loom an instrument of music. The window, tightly closed, commands a maze of chimney-pots, and tiles, and gables. Among them, the ineffectual sun, faintly contending with the rain and mist, is going down. A yellow ray of light crossing the weaver's eager eyes and hollow white face, makes a shape something like a pike-head on the floor.

The room is unwholesome, close, and dirty. Through one part of it the staircase comes up in a bulk, and roughly partitions off a corner. In that corner are the bedstead and the fireplace, a table, a chair or two, a kettle, a tub of water, a little crockery. The looms claim all the superior space and have it. Like grim enchanters who provide the family with their scant food, they must be propitiated with the best accommodation. They bestride the room, and pitilessly squeeze the children—this heavy, watery-headed baby carried in the arms of its staggering little brother, for example—into corners. The children sleep at night between the legs of the monsters, who deafen their first cries with their whirr and rattle, and who roar the same tune to them when they die.

Come to the mother's loom.

"Have you any other children besides these?"

"I have had eight. I have six alive."

"Did we see any of them, just now, at the—"

"Ragged School? O yes! You saw four of mine at the Ragged School!"

She looks up, quite bright about it—has a mother's pride in it—is not ashamed of the name: she, working for her bread, not begging it—not in the least.

She has stopped her loom for the moment. So has her husband. So has the young man.

"Weaver's children are born in the weaver's room," says the husband, with a nod at the bedstead. "Nursed there, brought up there—sick or well—and die there."

To which, the clash and jar of all three looms—the wife's, the husband's, and the young man's, as they go again—make a chorus.

"This man's work, now, Mr. Broadelle—he can't hear us apart here, in this noise?—"

"Oh, no!"

—"requires but little skill?"

"Very little skill. He is doing now, exactly what his grandfather did. Nothing would induce him to use a simple improvement (the 'fly shuttle') to prevent that contraction of the chest of which he complains. Nothing would turn him aside from his old ways. It is the old custom to work at home, in a crowded room, instead of in a factory. *I* couldn't change it, if I were to try."

"Good Heaven, is the house falling! Is there an earthquake in Spitalfields! Has a volcano burst out in the heart of London! What is this appalling rush and tremble?

It is only the railroad.

The arches of the railroad span the house; the wires of the electric telegraph stretch over the confined scene of his daily life; the engines fly past him on their errands, and outstrip the birds; and what can the man of prejudice and usage hope for, but to be overthrown and flung into oblivion! Look to it, gentlemen of precedent and custom standing, daintily opposed to progress, in the bag-wigs and embroidered coats of another generation, you may learn from the weaver in his shirt and trowsers!

There, we leave him in the dark, about to kindle at the poor fire the lamp that hangs upon his loom, to help him on his laboring way into the night. The sun has gone down, the reflection has vanished from the floor. There is nothing in the gloom but his eager eyes, made hungrier by the sight of our small present; the dark shapes of his fellow-workers mingling with their stopped looms; the mute bird in its little cage, duskily expressed against the window; and the watery-headed baby crooning in a corner God knows where.

We are again in the streets.

"The fluctuations in the silk-trade, and consequently, in the condition of the Spitalfields weaver," says our friend, "are sudden and unforeseen; for they depend upon a variety of uncontrollable causes. Let us take, for example, the past four or five years."

"But does that period afford a fair aver-

age of the condition of the trade? Were not the fluctuations extreme?"

"They were. In 1846 the price of raw silk was very low. The manufacturers bought all they could, and worked up all they bought. Not a hand was idle, not a loom at rest. Enormous stocks soon accumulated, silk became dearer; but in May, 1847, there came a sudden stop."

"Was it not, then, that the last loud cry of distress arose from Spitalfields, and that public meetings were held for finding means of 'redress?'"

"It was. The stagnation was prolonged by a dispute, in which the silk manufacturers and wholesale dealers were involved with the large retail houses. It got the name of the 'short measure question.' The retailers wanted us to give them thirty-seven inches to every yard. The autumn trade was completely crippled by this discussion; which did not end till the breaking out of the French Revolution, in February, 1848. West-end and wholesale buyers rushed over to Paris and Lyons, in regiments, and with unlimited capital. They bought for almost any price they chose to to offer. This cut two ways; although wholesale and retail houses brought home great parcels of manufactured articles, we also bought raw silk, in France, from fifteen to twenty per cent. below the lowest price I ever knew it. What do you think, sir, of the finest French organzine for a guinea a pound?"

We answered by an exclamation of vague surprise.

"Such a price as this enabled us to set some of our looms at work for stock, and, during 1849, the French goods being exhausted, ours came into play. Indeed, during that year the British manufacturer was in a position to defy competition."

"The French had not recovered themselves?"

"Not only that—but we had bought nearly all their raw silk, and they were actually obliged to buy it back from us at advances of from twenty to fifty per cent.! From that time prices advanced here, and work kept on increasing, so that, during most of last year, Spitalfields was busy."

"A glut of stock has been again the consequence."

"Yes; and what with that and the advancing price of raw silk,* I have within the last fortnight been compelled to discharge one hundred hands."

Spitalfields, however, has its bright side. As yet machinery has not been taught to turn artist, or to guide the shuttle through the intricate niceties of the Jacquard loom, so as to execute designs. Figured and brocaded silks must still be done by hands, and those hands must be skillful.

"Our silks," Mr. Broadelle tells us, "have never been inferior, in quality, to those of our foreign rivals; but, we have always been beaten in taste. In the stolid assiduous pains-taking motion of the hand and treadle, the English weaver is unsurpassed; but, he has seldom exercised his fancy. Until lately, therefore, few designs originated in this country. We silk-manufacturers, like the Dramatic Authors' Society, have been content to take our novelties from the French."

"You say, 'until lately.' Has the English manufacturer improved in that respect?"

"Decidedly. Schools of Design have done something: the encouragement given by masters to those who make available patterns, has done something too; but, the great improver of the English silk trade was the last French revolution."

"How?"

"That political disaster brought the manufacturers of France to a dead-lock. During the whole of 1849, the English markets were stocked with the most splendid fashions that ever came into it. As *we* could not sell a yard of *our* manufacture, we had plenty of leisure to examine the different foreign goods minutely. So rich a variety had never fallen under our observation, and never before had such a flood of light been thrown on the manufactures of our greatest rivals. We profited by it. More important improvements have been effected in the fabric of fancy silk goods since 1848, than were made, down to that time, since the days of Jacquard."

"This shows the value of national intercourse, Mr. Broadelle. Will the Great Exhibition do much service in this way?"

"I have no doubt it will. But, we are

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* The price of "organzine" during the month of March was:—French, 32s.; Piedmont, 26s.; China, 22s.

now at the door of a figure-weaver; and you will compare this visit with our last."

We knock at the door of a cheerful little house, extremely clean. We are introduced into a little parlor, where a young artist sits at work with crayons and water-colors. He is a student of the School of Design. He is at work on a new pattern for a table-cover. He has learnt to paint in oil. He has painted the portraits of his sisters—and of some one who I suspect is not a sister, but who may be

A nearer one
Yet and a dearer one,

and they decorate the room. He has painted groups of flowers. He shows us one that was in last year's Exhibition of the Royal Academy. He shows us another that he means to finish in good time to send to the next Exhibition. He does these things over and above his regular work. He don't mind work—gets up early. There are cheap casts prettily arranged about the room, and it has a little collection of cheap books of a good sort in it. The intrinsic worth of every simple article of furniture or embellishment is enhanced a hundredfold (as it always may be) by neatness and order. Is father at home? Yes, and will be glad to see the visitors. Pray walk up!

The young artist shows us the way to the top of the house, apologizing cheerfully for the ladder-staircase by which we mount at last. In a bright clean room, as pure as soap and water, scrubbing, and fresh air, can make it, we find a sister whose portrait is down stairs—we are able to claim her instantly for the original, to the general satisfaction. We find also, father, who is working at his Jacquard loom, making a pretty pattern of cravat, in blue upon a black ground. He is as cordial, sensible, intelligent a man as any one would wish to know. He has a reason for every thing he says, and every thing he does. He is learned in sanitary matters among other necessary knowledge, and says the first thing you have to do, is, to make your place wholesome, or you can't expect to work heartily. Wholesome it is, as his own pleasant face, and the pleasant faces of his children well brought up. He has made various improvements in his own loom; he has made an improvement in his daughter's, who works near him, which prevents her having to contract her chest, although she is doing very ordinary work. Industry, contentment, sense, and self-respect, are the hopeful characteristics of every thing animate and inanimate in this little house. If the veritable summer light were shining, and the veritable summer air were rustling, in it, which the young artist has tried to get into the sketches of green glades from Epping Forest that hang near father's loom, and can be seen by father while he is at work, it could not be more cheering to our hearts, oppressed with what we have left.

I meant to have had a talk with our good friend Mr. Broadelle, respecting a cruel persistence in one inflexible principle which gave the New Poor Law a particular severity in its application to Spitalfields, a few years back, but which I hope may have been amended. Work in the stone-yard was the test of all able-bodied applicants for relief. Now the weaver's hands are soft and delicate, and *must be so* for his work. No matter. The weaver wanting relief, must work in the stone-yard with the rest. So, the Union blistered his hands before it relieved him, and incapacitated him from doing his work when he could get it.

But, let us leave Spitalfields with an agreeable impression, and be thankful that we can.

From "Chambers' Edinburgh Journal."

SYMPATHETIC SNAIL COMPASS.

HERETOFORE there has been a limit to the security and rapidity of mental intercourse both between individuals and nations. The most tender epistles, the most important dispatches, must needs be subject to the dangers and caprices of the winds and waves; nor can the electric telegraph bear our messages beyond the confines of our island home, for hitherto, at least, its attempts to find a pathway in the mighty deep have proved an utter failure. The longings thus expressed for an instantaneous communication of thought with distant countries, and which have hitherto been baffled and disappointed, are now, however, on the eve of being realized by a discovery which will enable us, in a moment of time, to span the great globe itself by our inmost thought, and to whisper it in silence to the listening

ear of our friend at Calcutta or New Zealand.

"But by what mighty agency will this instantaneous communication be effected?"

"By a snail."

"By a snail! Incredible! Impossible!"

"Incredible, if you will, but not impossible; for it is to the snail that this mission of thought-bearing is assigned; and the vast community of snailhood will doubtless fulfill their office with a becoming sense of its importance."

Let us now attempt to unravel this mystery.

About eight or nine years ago it was discovered, almost simultaneously, by an American and a Frenchman, (Messrs. Biat and Benoît,) that certain snails, after having once entered into affinity with each other, were endued with the remarkable faculty of remaining permanently under a mutual sympathetic influence, which was not destroyed, nor even weakened, by the most prolonged intervention of time or space. This electric sympathy was not always dual in its nature, for it was found to exist with equal intensity among whole families of snails whose early lives had been passed within the same paternal hole. It was discovered, moreover, by our philosophers, that this sympathy is strengthened and directed by placing the sympathizing snails *en rapport* with (we use the terms without professing to understand their meaning) the magnetic, mineral, and adamic fluid, which may be effected by bringing them under certain conditions necessary to the maintenance of this threefold sympathy. In order to obtain these results, there has been invented by these gentlemen a portable apparatus, called a Pasilalinic Sympathetic Compass, by whose aid they obtain instantaneously, and at whatever distance the sympathetic snails may be placed, a sensible movement—designated by them an "escargotic commotion," and which is manifested every time that the parted sympathetic snails are excited by the approach of other sympathetic snails which are in affinity both with them and with each other; even in like manner as the electric commotion manifests itself to the experimentalist each time that he approaches with his finger a body which has previously been electrified.

But how can this sympathy be mutually manifested when the snails are placed at a great distance from each other? This is the next point to be ascertained. Well, it would appear from the statements of our two philosophers, that when these tender creatures are torn asunder by the relentless hand of fate, there flows forth from one to the other a sort of fluid, of which the earth is the conductor, and which unfolds itself, so to speak, like the almost invisible thread of a spider or a silk-worm, only with this difference—that the escargotic fluid is quite invisible, and that it passes through space with the rapidity of lightning. It is by means of this fluid that is excited and communicated the escargotic commotion, which is instantaneously transmitted from one beloved snail to the other, even though their habitations be fixed on opposite sides of the globe. In order to establish this communication, however, it suffices not to awaken escargotic sympathy: there must also exist an harmonic sympathy between the individuals who desire to correspond; and this harmonic sympathy is obtained by animal magnetism, and by intermingling the sympathetic escargotic fluid with the mineral and adamic magnetic fluid under the influence of the galvanic mineral fluid.

This is not the place to inquire what analogy there may naturally exist among these different fluids. Suffice it to say, that the necessity for their interfusion is the chief fact of the discovery, and without which the whole system must fall to the ground. In a a word, the entire system of this novel communication may be said to rest as a basis upon the medium of *galvano-magnetic-mineral-animal-adamic-sympathy.*

There remains now to be ascertained by what sort of apparatus this escargotic commotion is obtained, and what means are adopted to render this commotion subservient to the transmission of thought. The pasilalinic-sympathetic compass consists of a square wooden box, within which is placed a galvanic battery whose metallic plates, instead of being placed above one another, as in the voltaic piles, are arranged in series, and fixed in grooves, made for that purpose in a circular wooden plate, which revolves round its axis of iron. In place of metallic disks, Messrs. Biat and Benoît have substituted circular troughs or cups of zinc, each one lined with linen which has been previously steeped in a solution of

sulphate of copper which is riveted to the cup. At the bottom of each trough is fixed, by a certain composition, known only to the inventors, a living snail, which imbibes in this metallic solitude a due portion of galvanic influence, to be subsequently combined with the electric influence, which is developed when the wheel is set in motion, bearing along with it the captive snails which have been fixed around it in their cells.

The box wherein is inclosed this movable battery may be made of any form or substance whatever; but a close covering is absolutely essential, as the snails must not be exposed to atmospheric influence. Moreover, each of the galvanic troughs must be furnished with a spring, whose pressure will reveal the escargotic movement of the being which dwells within. It will be readily apprehended that in order to the formation of a corresponding apparatus, two of these snail-prisoning instruments will be necessary; the corresponding cups of each containing snails which have a reciprocal affinity, so that the escargotic commotion may be transmitted from one precise point of the battery to the same precise point of the other battery in the duplicate compass.

One more particular remains to be noticed. Messrs. Biat and Benoît have affixed to the wheels of those two instruments, and close to each of the sympathetic springs, corresponding letters, which form a sort of alphabetic and sympathetic dials, by means of which the communication of thought is effected easily and instantaneously to any place, however distant; the escargotic commotion indicating on the corresponding dial those letters which one person desires to transmit to the other.

In order to effect the communication, nothing more is required than for the two correspondents to place themselves before these two instruments at the same hour, and to be in the necessary condition of harmonic sympathy, so that they may, without the intervention of steam-packets or electric telegraphs, and without any eye resting upon them save the sympathizing glance of their friendly snails, unfold the inmost secret of their hearts.

In the article from whence the above details have been drawn, the writer, M. Jules Allix, goes on to describe his interview with M. Benoît, one of the inventors of this marvellous sympathetic compass, who desirous to satisfy him fully with regard to the truth of the discovery, invited him to be present during one of his correspondences with Mr. Biat in America. Accordingly, M. Jules Allix bent his steps with an anxious and beating heart to the Parisian dwelling where his doubts were to be resolved and his curiosity satisfied. The philosopher in America having been warned of their intention, they stood before the magic compass. M. Jules Allix not being in a state of harmonic sympathy with the correspondents, it was arranged that M. Benoît should convey any word or sentence he desired to express. The magnitude of the undertaking overwhelmed him with awe, and his mind filled with reverence for the venerable philosopher who, at the other side of the Atlantic, awaited his message. The only word he could utter was "Biat!" M. Benoît, with a sympathizing snail in his hand, touched one of the captives in a trough: it moved! The letter B was noted down. Another was then touched, and another, and another. The name of B I A T was composed and transmitted to the American sage. In a few moments an escargotic motion became once more visible on the dial, and letter after letter was noted down, until these words were deciphered, "*C'est bien*" ("It is well.") One or two other brief sentences passed between them, which fully satisfied M. Allix as to the reality of the discovery; but we are obliged in common honesty to confess that some slight inaccuracies occurred in the spelling, not sufficient, however, to render the words unintelligible; and considering that the snails have but recently begun their education, we think it is but fair to make some allowance for them. Meantime, who will deny that the invention of Messrs. Biat and Benoît exceeds both in wonder and in importance all the discoveries of Galvani, of Volta, and of Mesmer? Its agency so humble and so simple!—its results so magnificent and so complex! Henceforth, where will be the boudoir, or where the council chamber, which shall not possess its pasilalinic-sympathetic compass? There will doubtless be some of massive construction and classic form intended for our public offices, from whence they may in a moment of time transmit to the most distant parts of the globe the eloquent outpourings of our

orators, or the sage decisions of our statesmen! Nor shall they require to be translated into other languages, for a part of the invention, which has not yet been named, consists in a pasilalinic (or universal) alphabet, whereby a language shall be formed, familiar alike to all people, and tongues, and nations. Again, there will be pasilalinic-sympathetic compasses made in the form and about the size of watches, whereon may be lavished the exquisite taste of our fashionable jewellers, and containing snails no larger than a pin's head, whose transparent delicacy and sensitive tenderness will make them admirably adapted for a lady's amanuensis. It is not improbable that these elegant and useful compasses may shortly be seen appended by a chain to the waists of our modish ladies, in lieu of the chatelaines which have so recently been in fashion; and the absolute necessity of adhering rigorously to the moment fixed for their correspondence is a point which will be duly appreciated by our moralists, as tending to generate habits of punctuality and order in the "*beau sexe.*"

It was, we are informed, by the merest accident that Messrs. Biat and Benoît discovered the abidingly sympathetic property inherent in snails; and they have ascertained, by a long series of experiments, that others of the crustaceous species possess the same faculty of manifesting this sympathetic commotion, although none of them offer such advantages as a medium of communication as does the snail, partly because of the intensity of its sympathy, and partly because it can exist nearly twelve months without food, as also because of its extreme facility to become fixed within the galvanic trough, and its universal citizenship throughout the whole world.

We have no doubt that our numerous readers will hail with enthusiastic delight the important discovery which we have now imparted to them; but we must not part without addressing to them a word of caution. Do not, we pray you, imagine that after having read the preceding slight and imperfect sketch, you are able to construct a pasilalinic-sympathetic compass. The inventors, while imparting to the public so much of their discovery as to enable intelligent people to judge of its possibility, have reserved to themselves the hidden secret of its success, without a knowledge of which the curious inquirer might vainly wander on in this mysterious field of investigation. Even in the very outset of the inquiry, innumerable difficulties occur; for as all men are not able to produce the phenomena of magnetic somnambulism, even so all snails do not possess in themselves this permanent sympathetic fluid; nor can the very best of them be available for the compass without being subjected to peculiar influence, which has purposely been kept secret by the discoverers.

We are induced to give this warning, less from a regard to the sole and inalienable right of Messrs. Biat and Benoît to the whole tribe of sympathetic snails, in whatever quarter of the globe they may be found, than from a sort of liking for the snails themselves, which makes us unwilling that that they should be persecuted with experiments by mere tyros in science. Let them be tortured, if you will, by such great men as Messrs. Biat and Benoît, who martyrize them only in the cause of intellect and humanity; but we must protest against the doctrine of free trade in science, at least so far as snails are concerned. For ourselves, we have, since becoming acquainted with the noble destinies of these sluggish creatures, began to regard them with respectful interest; and we found ourselves, a day or two ago, peeping into the leafy recesses of an ivy bush, and wondering what would be the fortunes of a loving family who were closely grouped together in that dark retreat!

We therefore once more pray our readers to remember that it is far easier to convey their thoughts all over the world by means of a pasilalinic-sympathetic compass, than to solve the many mysteries involved in its construction.

From "Sartain's Magazine."

PREMATURE INTERMENTS

AND THE UNCERTAIN SIGNS OF DEATH.

BY GEORGE WATTERSTON, M. D.

DEATH is an event which every living being in his senses wishes to avoid as long as possible. The miseries of life, its vapid realities, the loss of fortune, the privation of friends, disease, old age, and all the other

"ills which flesh is heir to," tend to blunt its sting and soften its horrors; and to those who may have happily placed their reliance on Him who is the rock of their salvation, the anticipated glory of eternity, and the consciousness of a well-spent life present a shield which, in the hour of dissolution, disarms the monster of his terrors, and smooths the rough path to the grave. But even to such it is a condition not entirely free from dread.

"For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?"

Few can think of the dissolution of the body, of becoming a kneaded clod, the food of worms, a mass of putrefaction; and of quitting the delicious sunshine, the gorgeous and enchanting scenes of this beautiful world, and all that renders life delightful, with calm and stoical indifference, or with a feeling of anticipated pleasure. To die, to sleep, to be obliterated from the memory of man as a thing that never lived, to sink into the cold grave and be utterly forgotten, is a reflection that must appall the great majority of mankind. Compared with it, the mere physical agony of dissolution is nothing, if that agony is at all experienced, which has been doubted.

"Death is a fearful thing,
Ay, but to die, and go we know not where,
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod—
The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death."

To die once, we should suppose, would be enough; but to be buried, and obliged as some have been, to go over all the agonies of a second dissolution, is most horrible. It becomes, therefore, the duty of the living to prevent even the possibility of such a calamity, and to see that every precaution be taken to avoid it. The signs of death are often uncertain, and human beings have not unfrequently been buried before the vital principle was extinct. These should be carefully observed and closely attended to before interment takes place. The most infallible indication of the total extinction of life, is the commencement of putrefaction; and the certain signs of death, according to Dr. Descamps of France, are a greenish-blue color extending uniformly over the skin of the abdomen. The period at which this sign appears, is about the third day, under favorable circumstances of warmth and moisture. "Though dissolution," he observes, "of various kinds, and from various causes, may occur in other parts, the characteristic marks of death are to be found only in the abdomen." Apparent death can, therefore, no longer be confounded with real death, the abdomen never being colored green or blue in any case of the former; and this color, if attended to, will entirely prevent the danger of premature interment. M. Mainple, a learned Belgian, has recently discovered a very simple mode of distinguishing between real and apparent death. It consists in creating a small burn. If there be life, a blister is always formed, even in the absence of apparent sensibility; but nothing of the kind occurs if death has absolutely taken place. There is no danger to the public health from keeping a body until the appearance of the characteristic signs of death as described by Dr. Descamps. Among the Greeks and Romans, the body was kept from three to six days after death, during which loud lamentations were uttered; the deceased was called upon by name, and the sound of various instruments was heard near the body. This was called the *conclamatio*.

"Sic funere primo
Attonitæ tacuere domus, quum corpora nondum
Conclamata jacent, nec mater crine soluto
Exegit ad sævos famularum brachia planctus."

In France, premature interments frequently occur, from the prevailing practice there of burying bodies too soon. In the course of twelve years, it is asserted, that ninety-four cases were prevented by fortuitous circumstances. Of these, thirty-four persons came back to life the moment the funeral ceremonies were about to commence; thirteen recovered by the tender care and attention of their families; seven from the fall of the coffins: nine from wounds inflicted by the needle in sewing up their winding-sheets; five from the sensations of suffocation they felt in the coffin; nineteen from accidental delay in interring them, and six from doubts entertained of their death.

In England and the United States, inter-

ments are rarely made till decomposition, the most infallible sign of death, has commenced. In Germany, interment is prohibited by law, for *three* days after death; and in the grave-houses attached to the burial-places of some of the principal towns of that nation, a curious and humane regulation exists, which requires bodies brought before the end of the three days allotted them to remain, to be laid on trestles, with rings on their toes and fingers to which bell-pulls are attached, so that if the corpse should revive, it may, by ringing for it, have immediate aid and assistance. After the three days, however, the body is considered as legally dead, and must be buried whether life be wholly extinct or not.

History furnishes a number of cases of premature interments in different countries, and some of the most curious and well-authenticated of these I proceed to give. Archbishop Geron, in the town of Cologne, was buried alive, and died in consequence of not being released in time from the tomb. The same misfortune, it is stated, happened in the same place, to Johannes Duns Scotus, who was afterwards found with his hands torn, and his head lacerated. The following case is mentioned by Maximillion Messon. The wife of one M. Mervache, a goldsmith of Poictiers, having been buried with some rings on her fingers, which she had requested to be put on while on her death-bed, a poor man of the neighborhood, acquainted with the fact, proceeded on the following night to open the grave and obtain possession of the rings; but being obliged to use considerable exertion to effect his object, he roused the woman from her death-like torpor, who spoke to him, and began to complain of the injury he had done her. The robber, alarmed and terrified, made his escape, and the woman rose from her coffin, which he had left open, returned home, and in a few days was again in perfect health. She is said not only to have survived this misfortune for many years, but to have afterwards been the mother of several children. Messon gives another instance of a nearly similar character.

In the year 1571, the wife of one of the magistrates of Cologne being buried with a valuable ring on one of her fingers, the grave-digger the next night opened the grave to take it off, but what was his consternation, when the supposed dead body squeezed his hand, and laid hold of him, in order to get out of the coffin. The thief, however, disengaging himself, made his escape in great haste, and the lady relieving herself in the best manner she could, hastened home, and knocked at the door, and called one of the servants by name, to whom she gave a brief account of what had occurred; but he regarded her as a phantom, and filled with horror, ran to his master to relate the terrible occurrence. The master turned it into ridicule. The lady, in the mean time, stood shivering in her shroud, till the door was finally opened to her. After being warmed, and treated in a proper manner, she was soon restored to as perfect a state of health as if no such misfortune had befallen her.

A still more curious and interesting case of premature interment occurred several years ago in Paris.

Two wealthy merchants lived in the same street, and were united together by the closest bonds of friendship. The one had a son, and the other a daughter, of nearly the same age. By being often together, they formed a strong attachment for each other, which was encouraged and kept up by frequent visits, authorized by both fathers, who were highly gratified at the evidence of mutual attachment in their children, and which was in harmony with their desire to unite them in the bonds of matrimony. Accordingly, a marriage was about to be concluded between them, when a wealthy collector of the king's revenue saw and loved the daughter, and asked her in marriage. The charm of a superior fortune which he possessed soon induced her parent to change his resolution with respect to his neighbor's son; and the daughter's aversion to her new lover being overcome by her filial duty, she married the collector. The melancholy induced by this painful arrangement, so fatal to her happiness, threw her into a disorder in which her senses were so locked up as to give her the appearance of death, and she was buried as dead. Her first lover soon heard, with profound grief, of the event: but, as he remembered that she had once before been seized with a violent paroxysm of lethargy, he conceived that she might have been attacked by a similar disease. This opinion not only alleviated the excess

of his sorrow, but induced him to bribe the grave-digger, by whose assistance he raised her from the tomb, and conveyed her to a proper chamber, where, by the application of all the remedies he could think of, she was happily restored to life again. The young woman was probably in great consternation when she found herself in a strange house, beheld her darling lover sitting by her bed, and heard the detail of all that had befallen her during her paroxsym. Her grateful sense of the obligations she lay under to him, and that love she had always borne him, proved an irresistible advocate in his behalf; so that, when she was perfectly restored, she justly concluded that she owed her life to him who had preserved it; and, as a proof of her affection, consented to accompany him to England, where they were married, and lived for several years in all the tender endearments of mutual love. About ten years after, however, they returned to Paris, where they lived without the care of concealment, because they conceived no one could ever suspect what had happened. But this did not prove to be the case, for the collector unluckily met his wife in a public walk, where he at once recognized her. He immediately accosted her, and though she endeavored to divert his suspicions, he parted from her fully persuaded that she was the very woman to whom he had some years ago been married, and for whose death he had gone into mourning. The collector, by great perseverance, not only discovered her residence, in spite of all the precautions she had taken to conceal herself, but claimed her as his wife before the court authorized to decide in such cases. In vain did the lover insist upon his right to her on the ground that he had taken care of her; that, but for his efforts and the measures he had resorted to, the lady would now have been rotting in her grave; that her former husband, who now claimed her, had renounced all claim to her by ordering her to be buried; that he might justly be arraigned for murder, in not using the precautions necessary to ascertain her death; and urged a thousand other reasons, suggested by love: but, perceiving that the court were not likely to prove favorable to his claims, he determined not to await their decision, and accordingly, escaped with his wife to a foreign country, where they continued to live in the enjoyment of peace and happiness till death closed their singular and romantic career.

A case of a very similar character is stated to have occurred in Paris, in 1810. Mademoiselle Lafourcade was a young woman of great personal beauty and illustrious family, who possessed great wealth. Among her numerous suitors was a young man, named Julien Bosuet, a poor *littérateur*, or journalist, of Paris, who proved to be her favorite lover. But her high birth induced her finally to reject him, and to wed a banker and a diplomatist of some distinction, named M. Renalle. This gentleman, however, after marriage, neglected and treated her with cruelty. She passed with him some years of wretchedness, and died,—as it was supposed; for her condition so perfectly resembled death as to deceive all who saw her. She was buried in an ordinary grave, in the village in which she was born. Bosuet, filled with despair, and still inflamed by a profound attachment, hastened from the capital to the province in which the village lay, with the romantic purpose of disinterring the corpse and getting possession of her luxuriant tresses as a memento of her. At midnight he secretly unearthed the coffin, opened it, and, while in the act of detaching the hair, he was stopped by the unclosing of the eyes of her he so tenderly and ardently loved. She was aroused by the caresses of her lover from her lethargy or catalepsy, which had been mistaken for death. He frantically bore her to his lodgings in the village, and immediately employed the powerful restoratives which his medical learning suggested. She revived, and recognized her preserver, and remained with him until she slowly recovered her original health. She bestowed her heart upon her preserver, and returned no more to her husband, but, concealing from him her resurrection, fled with him to America. Twenty years afterwards, they both returned to France, in the persuasion that time had so greatly altered the lady's appearance that her old friends would be unable to recognize her. But it would seem that they were mistaken. Her former husband, at the first meeting, actually recognized and immediately laid claim to his wife. Of course this claim was resisted, and a judicial tribunal sustained her and her preserver. It was decided that the

peculiar circumstances of the case, with the long lapse of years, had annulled the original contract and the legality of the authority of the first husband, and that the man who had rescued her from the tomb, and with whom she had lived for so many years, was alone entitled to claim her as his wife.

These two strange cases, though apparently similar, occurred at different periods and in different places. In the latter the court seem to have been influenced by a higher sense of justice than that of the court which was about to decide against the claims of the preserver of his wife, and which he avoided by retiring with her to a foreign country.

Among the well-authenticated cases of premature interment, and restoration to life, is the following, which is recorded by Oehlenschlager. It occurred in Cologne in 1547. I give a translation from the original.

"Adocht, the reigning burgomaster at Cologne, had buried his young and beautiful wife. She had been subject to frequent fits, and in the last seemed to be dead, and was so considered. The funeral had been magnificent, and a vault in the great cathedral was to hold the body, which had been deposited in a coffin with glass panes and iron wire on the top, according to the manner of the time and the rank of the family, clad in costly robes, the head adorned with rich garlands, and the fingers with precious rings. The sexton, named Peter Bold, had locked the door and returned home, where a scene of a very different nature awaited him. His own wife had prematurely given birth to a fine boy, and was totally unprovided with any kind of the comforts required on such occasions. His marriage had taken place against the desires of his employers, and he had no assistance to expect from that quarter. Isaac the Jew was recalled to his mind, but he would require a pledge. 'A pledge!' murmured Bold to himself; 'and why not borrow from the dead, as nothing is to be obtained from the living? I have known this lady who lies yonder. She would not have refused a poor man in the days of her bloom, and why should her manes now begrudge what will do me good, without injuring any one?'

"Influenced by these thoughts, he returned to the place which he had just left, but which he now visited in a very different state of feeling. Before, he had been in the discharge of his duty; now he came to commit sacrilege. How awful was the lonely stillness of the immense building, and how threatening were the looks of the saints on the walls and of the cherubs over the pulpit! His courage had almost forsaken him when, passing the altar, he had there to encounter the image of St. Peter himself, who was his patron saint as well as that of the church; but the remembrance of his miserable wife and child overcame every other consideration, and he proceeded through the long choir towards the vault. The countenance of this lovely woman had nothing in it to renew his terror, and he fearlessly removed the lid of the coffin, and seized the hand of the deceased. But what were his feelings when that hand grasped his wrist! In his effort to release himself, he left both his mantle and his lantern. Running away hastily in the dark, he fell over a projecting stone, and lay for some time senseless on the floor, but, as soon as he recovered, he hastened towards the house of the senator, partly to relieve his conscience, but still more to send assistance into the vault, as he found himself utterly unable to return again to make an examination.

"In the mean time the lady had entirely recovered her senses. She overturned the lantern by the first movement of her arms, and was therefore for a while in the dark; but the moon cast a feeble light through a small opening in the top, and by degrees she began to recognize the place. She felt around her, and met with the golden ornaments on her head and the rustling thin silk in which she was dressed. What was her agony and despair, when she found she had been buried alive! She uttered a cry, but she knew too well that it could not be heard. The vault was just under the choir; and what voice could penetrate the massive arches? The little air-hole opened into a private part of the churchyard, which was separated from the rest by an iron railing, and might not be visited for a considerable time. Her dead ancestors were then to be her last companions, and her last occupation was to be that of tracing with her nails upon the black walls the melancholy progress of her real death. Chilled with horror, she sought for something to cover herself, and she found the cloak which Peter had dropped.

The warmth it communicated revived her a little. She recovered strength enough to get out of the coffin and throw herself on her knees to implore the mercy of God. She then attempted to get to the door and to move its rusty latch. But who can describe her joy when she found it open. She crept mechanically through the dark and narrow passage, and, feeling the influence of a better air as she advanced, she was thus enabled to drag herself up stairs. Here, however, she was so faint that a deadly coldness seized her, and would most likely have made her sink down for ever, had she not fortunately recollected that some wine might have been left from the last mass. She therefore made one more effort to reach the altar, and found just as much as was sufficient for her exhausted frame.

"No true believer had set the cup to his lips with more sincere devotion and gratitude to the Creator than she did thus administer the cheering draught to herself. Her husband and her servants found her in that very act, and used such further means for her complete restoration that, a few weeks afterwards, she appeared again in the same place, to stand godmother for the sexton's child."

The following is another instance of premature interment, of a still more romantic character, and is taken from the ancient chronicles of Venice.

Gherardo was a brave officer of the republic, and joined in the crusade which ended in the conquest of Constantinople. His return was greeted with joyful shouts, as his ship, laden with booty, approached the shore. But Gherardo had been betrothed to a beautiful Venetian lady, whom he passionately loved, and to whom he was to be united upon his return. He hastily returned the embrace of his father, sisters, and brothers, who had come to meet him, and inquired for Elena. "Why," asked he, "is she not with you?" They were silent, and he guessed the cause of her absence. His grief was intense and overwhelming, but he said nothing, and determined to see her once more. As soon as he had an opportunity, he hurried to the church where her body had been deposited, almost in a state of frenzy, and succeeded by bribery in obtaining access to the sacred depository. "There gleamed," says the writer from whom I have taken this curious incident, "here and there a glittering lamp; the uncertain rays of the moon entered across the colored pains of the Gothic windows. The stillness of the sepulchre, the obscure depth of the lonely chapel, the solitude of the hour, the profound silence of all around, filled Gherardo with religious awe. He approached the tomb with slower steps, and his hands trembled as he grasped the handle of massive iron. It seemed to him an impious deed thus to disturb the peace of the dead. But love and despair prevailed, and, lifting the ponderous lid of the tomb, he beheld the maiden wrapped in ample folds of linen, white as snow, extended on the bier; a veil was over her face. The rays of the moon fell for a moment over the figure. His delirium returned, and he seemed as one scarcely conscious of what he did, and ready to die as he touched the veil. He, however, raised it. Her face was as pale as a lily, and her long fair hair fell over her shoulders and mixed in tresses on her breast; her eyes were closed as in a placid sleep, and a smile still rested on her half-open lips. 'She sleeps!' cried Gherardo in his frenzy. 'Oh! waken, in pity!' and he laid his arm under her." He pressed his lips to her pale, cold cheek, and as he did so he fancied he felt her breathe, and that there was some warmth about her. Immediately he lifted her from the tomb, and, placing his hand on her breast, he was satisfied that the heart still beat. Imagine Gherardo, ready to sink under these unexpected emotions, supporting himself against the sepulchre, with the maiden enveloped in white in his arms! Immovable as stone, and as white, they seemed together a group of the statuary which adorned the sepulchre. The vital heat returned slowly into her breast; and the fortunate maiden, whom her ignorant physicians had believed to be dead, passed to the altar from the tomb.

From "Bentley's Miscellany."

THE EXECUTION OF

FIESCHI, MOREY, AND PEPIN.

About one o'clock on a cold winter night in 1835, a party of four persons were seated in the coffee-room of the Hotel Meurice at Paris. It was chilly, sloppy, miserable

weather; half-melted snow mixed with the Paris mud, and a driving sleety rain hissed against the ill-fitting windows. Talk of the cold of London! when we have our clubs, and our curtained windows, and carpeted floors, and sea-coal fires, and our well-closed doors and sashes. Why, we have more real comfort in our three-pair-backs than their most splendid saloons, with all the mirrors, and painted walls, and timber-fed stoves can offer.

Englishmen carry their customs with them. Our four convives were drinking—not the wines of sunny France, but something much more appropriate and homely—a curiously fine sample of gin, artfully compounded into toddy, by Achille the waiter.

When the clock struck one, three of the party made a show of retiring; but the fourth, a punchy gentleman from Wolverhampton, entreated that the rest would not all desert him while he discussed one glass more—nay, perhaps would join him! But here Achille was inexorable. The master was in bed and had taken the keys.

"Call him up, then,—roust him out!"

"*Mais, Messieurs!* you would not disturb Madame! *ah, non!* Madame so tired—so delicate—so harassed with the noise all day—*ah, non!*"—and seeing the favorable impression, added a climax of silent pantomime to his eloquence. Raising his shoulders to his ears, spreading his hands to the front, and wrinkling his face into a smile, which said, "I knew you were too *galant* for that"—he bowed himself out.

Our four friends have taken their candles, and are moving from the room, when a cab drives rapidly to the door—there is a smart ring at the bell, and a gentleman in full evening dress, and enveloped in a Spanish cloak, hastily enters the room.

"Who is inclined to see Fieschi's head chopped off?" said the stranger, unfolding himself from the cloak. "The execution is to take place at daylight—I had it from a peer of France, and the guillotine has been sent off an hour ago."

"Where?"

Our informant could not tell. It was known only to the police—there was an apprehension of some attempt at a rescue, and ten thousand troops were to be on the ground. It will be either the Place St. Jaques, or the Barrière du Trône—the first most likely, let us try that to begin with, and there will be plenty of time to go on to the other afterwards: but we must be early to get a good place.

We are not of those who make a practice of attending executions with a morbid appetite for such horrors. Under any circumstances, the deliberate cutting off a life is a melancholy spectacle. The mortal agony, unrelieved by excitement, is painful in the extreme to witness, but worse still is reckless bravado. Rarest of all is it to see the inevitable fate met with calm dignity. Here, however, was a miscreant, who, to gratify a political feeling—dignified, in his opinion, with the name of patriotism—deliberately fired the contents of a battery of gun-barrels into a mass of innocent persons, many of whom it was quite certain would be killed, for the chance of striking down one man, and probably some of his family. That this family, with their illustrious father, should have escaped altogether, is an instance of good fortune as remarkable as the attempt was flagitious. But the magnitude of the crime invested the perpetrators with a terrible interest, which overcame any lingering scruples, and the whole party decided upon setting out forthwith. We made for the nearest coach-stand, which was that upon the quay, near the Pont Neuf.

What terrible recollections is this old city of Paris invested with! scarcely a street, or a place, or a public building, that has not some dreadful story. Neither is there any—at least in Europe—where the midnight rambler is more apparently exposed to maltreatment. In London, even at the latest hour, there is a sense of security in the broad glare of gas, and the occasional policeman; but neither of these, except in a very few favored spots, were to be found in Paris, in 1835. When the shops close, your only reliance is upon the light of other days, dangling from ropes across the street. No policeman is to be seen, and the scowling vagabonds—call them *chiffonniers*, or what you will—are about the very last kind of people which one would desire to meet by moonlight alone.

If ever ghosts are permitted to return to scenes of violence and crime, you might surely expect to meet them in Paris. In the short space between the hotel and the

quay, we passed the spot where lay in one revolting heap—naked and exposed—the corpses of the fifteen hundred gallant Swiss guards, gazed at as a show during a whole forenoon, by the male and female thousands of Paris.

Of all street conveyances, the Paris *fiacre* is about the worst—it beats the London "jarvy" by the longest chalk. Not only is it worse—those who have never seen it may perhaps think this impossible—but it is more rickety, more jingling, more utterly foundered, more powerfully ill-flavored, more alarmingly nasty, than our own time-honored conveyance. Scarcely had we taken our seats than we began to repent of, at least, this part of the adventure. There was a flavor of death about the cushions, which convinced one that by this particular coach "subjects" had taken their last drive to the hospitals. And not only was it vaulty and cadaverous, but from the floor arose a worse odor, as if some previous fare had left behind it a bad leg in the straw. The stomach of the Wolverhampton man was so powerfully affected that he was fain to keep a large portion of his person protruded through the window, adding thereby much to the close sufferings of the rest. The history of this gentleman afforded a melancholy instance of the misfortune of becoming independent. While engaged in business he had the bad luck to win largely by speculation in the Birmingham Railway, which induced him to retire and commence a life of enjoyment. With this view he brought his family to Paris, took five apartments at the best hotel, frequented all public amusements, and drank so much brandy to correct the acidity of the light French wines, that in little more than a twelvemonth from the commencement of his career of pleasure, he found a resting-place in the cemetery of Père la Chaise.

In something more than half an hour we jingled into the Place St. Jaques, and pausing at the corner, had the satisfaction to hear the sounds of hammers busily plied upon a dark mass rising in the centre of the square; it was the platform upon which to erect the guillotine. On all sides of this, workmen were busily engaged, their labor quickened by the exhortations of one who walked about, lantern in hand, upon the top. This was the executioner, who, seen by the light he carried, bore a remarkable resemblance to our great comedian, the late Mr. Liston. There was the same square form of the countenance, the small nose, the long upper lip, the mirth-provoking gravity, and the same rich husky chuckle. This curious likeness was at once acknowledged by all present, and an Englishman took the liberty of interrupting the grave functionary with the information that he was the very image of *le plus grand farceur que nous avons en Angleterre*, a piece of information which the French scion of the House of Ketch received, after the manner of Frenchmen, as a high compliment, being moved to bow and chuckle much thereat.

By this time the hammering had roused the dwellers in the place, and lights were seen rapidly moving about the windows. A café-keeper had opened his saloon, arranged his little tables, and was bustling about with his waiters attending to the wants of the guests already assembled. An execution is a godsend to the Place St. Jaques at any time, but the execution of three great state criminals such as these would go far to pay the year's rent of the houses. As cabs and *fiacres* began to arrive, we thought it necessary to make arrangement for securing a room from whence to see the execution, and chance conducted us to the corner house, one side of which looked upon the square, directly opposite the guillotine, from which it was scarcely fifty yards distance; and the other side fronted the road by which the prisoners were to be conveyed from the prison to the scaffold.

After the manner of Englishmen, who do abroad what they would never think of at home, our party walked up stairs on the door being opened, and commenced a search along the passages, knocking at the doors of such rooms as were thought would afford a good view of the scene. In this we met with other parties of English and other foreigners, wandering about in the most authoritative manner, urging the people to get dressed and give up their rooms, and in the case of unbolted doors, intruding into several little scenes of domestic privacy. One gentleman—the people said he was either Russian or English—was already ensconsed: he had taken a whole room to himself, paid for it, shut himself up in it, and fortified the door with such movable furniture as could

be made available, in addition to the door fastenings. Though the proprietor of the apartment had no doubt received an ample rent for the occupancy, yet he attempted, on the strength of a good offer, to introduce more tenants, palpably trying, by his own showing, to falsify the original contract; but such attempts were without success. After several failures, through the bad faith and extortion of the different room-holders, who made little scruple of breaking through agreements and raising their price as fresh arrivals came, one of our party made a bargain, through the closed door, with an old gentleman and his young wife, Fanchon, to be received, at a Napoleon each, into their apartment as soon as they were dressed—the whole of the money to be paid down at once, upon the distinct understanding that no more persons were to be admitted. The old man was soon ready to give up the premises, but Madame, a demure-looking grisette, had no notion of appearing in *deshabille* before so many strangers, and kept us waiting some time, notwithstanding the interior murmurs of "*Allons, Fanchon, dépêche toi*," and the "Now, old girl—hurry with the room—never mind your stays," of some of the expectants outside.

We found the situation well adapted for our purpose, though only one window looked into the square, the two others were easily made to command a view of the scaffold, which was nearly in a line with that side of the house. Fanchon had also with much propriety made the bed, set the furniture to rights, raked up the ashes of the wood-fire, and put on another block or two; and the fact of meeting with an open fireplace instead of the eternal stove, made us feel at home at once. The Wolverhampton man declared that it was dangerous to British lungs to be out in these raw mornings in a foreign country without something warm to qualify the air; so a bottle of brandy was sent for to the neighboring *café*, and our hostess had busied herself in producing hot water and tumblers, as if, through the frequenters of executions, she had arrived at considerable knowledge of the national tastes. Our ancient host, being accommodated with a cigar, narrated the particulars of the many beheadings which had fallen under his observation since his occupancy of the house. One may be mentioned as exhibiting a rare instance of irresistible curiosity. The man had been guilty of an atrocious murder, either of a wife or some near relative, and when his neck was placed under the axe, he contrived to slew himself partly round to see its descent, and had a part of his chin taken off in consequence.

About two hours before daylight a body of mounted municipal guards arrived, and formed round the scaffold. The object of this appeared to be to hide the proceedings as much as possible from those on foot, who could only hope for a very imperfect view between the bodies and the bear-skins of these troops. Soon after the municipal guard the infantry of the line began to arrive, and were formed in a circle four deep outside the municipals, and nearly as far back as the houses of the Place. A considerable crowd had also collected, though extremely orderly and good-humored; in fact, to see the general hilarity, and listen to the bursts of loud laughter, it would seem to be regarded in the light of a *fête*. There was certainly no appearance of sympathy with the criminals. Finding the municipals so materially interfered with the show, the people soon began to occupy the trees and lamp-posts, the adjacent walls, and the roofs of the neighboring houses; while the infantry, having piled arms, waltzed and danced to keep themselves warm.

Soon after daylight the hammering ceased, and the preparations appeared to be completed; and shortly afterwards strong bodies of cavalry began to take up their positions in all the streets leading into the Place. The first care of the officer commanding these was to clear the square entirely of all the people who had collected in rear of the infantry, and to drive them out along the adjacent streets; an order was also given to dislodge the people out of the trees, and from the walls and lamp-posts, and this caused much grumbling and swearing of all concerned. Some merriment, however, was excited by the discovery of some women in the trees, and their descent, superintended by the dragoons below, gave occasion for the exercise of much not over decent wit amongst the troopers. It struck me that in their manner of dealing with the crowd there was much unnecessary harshness on the part of the troops, an irritability and fretfulness often exhibited by persons

doubtful of their own authority, and very unlike the calm, good-humored superiority with which our own men are wont to handle the masses.

Presently came two general officers with their staff, and each followed by a mounted "jockei," lads dressed as English grooms, of whom one, as well by his fair complexion and honest round face, the whiteness of his tops and leathers, and the general superiority of his turn-out, as by his firm and easy seat on horseback, was evidently a native of our own country.

About an hour after sunrise three caleches came rapidly down the road, passing our windows, each carriage containing three persons, the condemned, and two police officers. The troops opened out, and the men were landed at the foot of the platform. It may be well to describe the general appearance of the scaffold.

On a platform about twelve feet square, and seven feet above the ground, are erected the two upright posts, between which is suspended the axe. They somewhat resemble a narrow gallows, scarcely more than a foot between the posts. The axe, which is not unlike a hay-knife, though much heavier and broader, is drawn up to the top of the posts, between which it runs in grooves, and is held suspended by a loop in the halyards, passed over a button at the bottom. The edge of the axe, as it hangs suspended, is not horizontal, or at a right angle with the post, but diagonal, giving the instrument a fearful power, in conjunction with its weight and long fall, of shearing through a resisting substance of many times more opposing force than a human neck. On the centre of the platform stands a frame, or large box, much resembling a soldier's arm-chest, about six feet long by two and a half wide, and probably as much high. One end of this abuts upon the upright posts, at the other end is a small frame like a truck connected about its centre with the chest by hinges, and with a strap and buckle, to make it fast to the man's body.

The prisoners having dismounted, were placed in a line on the ground facing the guillotine, their arms pinioned. They were very different in appearance. Fieschi had a most sinister and ferocious expression of face, rendered more so by the scars, scarcely healed apparently, inflicted by the bursting of his gun-barrels, He was plainly dressed, and appeared like a workman of the better class; his age about thirty-five. Morey was a man advanced in life, perhaps seventy; his bald head was partly covered with a black cap revealing the white hairs behind, and at the sides; he was a corpulent large figure, dressed completely in black, with a mild intelligent face, and altogether a very gentlemanly air and manner. Pepin was a small, thin-faced, insignificant man.

Pepin was chosen first for execution. Having been deprived of his coat and neck-handkerchief, and the collar of his shirt turned down, he was led by the executioner up the steps of the platform. He ascended with an air of considerable bravado, shook himself, and looked round with much confidence, and spoke some words which we could not catch, and which the executioner appeared disposed to cut short. Having advanced with his breast against the truck, to which his body was rapidly strapped, he was then tilted down, truck and all, upon his face; and the truck moving upon small wheels or castors in grooves upon the chest, he was moved rapidly forwards, till his neck came directly under the chopper, when the rope being unhooked from the button, the axe fell with a loud and awful "chop!" the head rolling down upon the bare platform. After the separation of the head, the body moved with much convulsive energy, and had it not been made fast to what I have called the truck, and that also connected with the raised platform, would probably have rolled down on the lower stage. The executioner then held up the head to view for a moment, and I suspect, from some laughter among the troops, made a facetious remark. The lid of a large basket alongside the chest was then raised, and the body rolled into it.

Morey was the next victim. He ascended the steps feebly, and requiring much assistance; he was also supported during the process of strapping him. His bald head and venerable appearance made a favorable impression upon the spectators, and elicited the only expressions of sympathy observable throughout the executions.

Fieschi came last, and was the most unnerved of the three. He appeared throughout in a fainting condition, and hung his head in a pitiable state of prostration. Very

little consideration was shown him, or rather he was pushed and thrust about in a way which was indecent, if not disgusting, whatever might have been his crimes. Some little difficulty occurred in placing his head conveniently under the axe, from a recoiling motion of the prisoner. He was certainly the least brave of the three. The executioner having rolled his body into the larger basket with the others, took up that containing the three heads, which having emptied upon the bodies, he gave the bottom of the basket a jocular tap, which, being accompanied with a lifting of his foot behind, and probably some funny and seasonable observation, created a good deal of merriment amongst the spectators.

The guillotine is apparently the most merciful, but certainly the most terrible to witness, of any form of execution in civilized Europe. The fatal chop, the raw neck, the spouting blood, are very shocking to the feelings, and demoralizing; as such exhibitions cannot fail to generate a spirit of ferocity and a love of bloodshed amongst those who witness them. It was not uncommon at this period in Paris to execute sheep and calves with the guillotine; and fathers of families would pay a small sum to obtain such a gratifying show for their children. In such a taste may we not trace the old leaven of the first Revolution, and the germ of future ones?

The fate of poor Dr. Guillotin was a singular one. He lived to see the machine which he had invented, from feelings of pure philanthropy, made the instrument of the most horrible butcheries, the aptness of the invention notoriously increasing the number of the victims who fell by it; and he died in extreme old age, with the bitter reflection that his name would be handed down to posterity, in connection with the most detestable ferocities which have ever stained the annals of mankind.

From "Bentley's Miscellany."

AN ICE-HILL PARTY IN RUSSIA.

The reader, I hope, will have no objection to quit his comfortable fireside, put on his furs and accompany me to a sledge, or ice-hill party.

An army of about ten or fifteen sledges, start from a house where all the party assemble, the gentlemen driving themselves, and each family taking some provisions with them. After about an hour and three-quarters' drive the whole caravan arrives at the house of a *starosto* (president) of the work-people employed by the foreign commercial houses in Russia. The *starosto* is usually a wealthy man, and mostly looked up to by his neighbors, as he has by some most extraordinary means acquired some few townish manners, which suit *his* country appearance as much as glazed boots, and a polka tie would suit the true English country farmer.

After their having warmed themselves before a good hot Russian stove, the party begin operations by getting the sledges ready, and ascending the ice-hills. The hills are made of a wooden scaffold, covered with huge bits of ice, all of an equal size, placed side by side so as to fit closely together. By being constantly watered they gradually become one solid mass as smooth as a mirror. The hill, which usually is of a considerable height, and rather sloping, ends in a long narrow plain of ice called the run, which is just broad enough for three narrow sledges to pass each other, and long enough to carry you to the foot of a second hill.

The sledges are usually of iron, long and narrow, and covered by cushions, often embroidered by the fair hand of a lady. They are low, and so constructed that they can hold one or two persons as the case may be. Both the run and the hill are bordered by fir-trees on each side, and on such evening parties are illuminated with Chinese lamps placed between the branches of the trees. Fancy yourself on the top of the hill looking down this illuminated avenue of firs, which is reflected in the mirror of the ice, as if determining to outshine the lights on the clear sky, and the gay laughing crowds moving up and down the hills, and you have before you the finest and most perfect picture of sorrowless enjoyment as a striking contrast to the lifeless nature surrounding it. The briskness of the movement, and the many accidents happening to the clumsy members of the party, keep up the excitement, whilst the contest of young men to obtain this or the other lady for their partner on their down-hill journey, (not in life,) never allows the conversation or the laugh

to flag for one moment. I remember once getting into what school-boys would call an awful scrape with one of the ice-hill heroes. We both started together from the second hill on a race, and I, having a faster sledge, overtook him by the length of my conveyance, and arrived at the top of the hill before him. Seeing that the *belle* of the evening was disengaged, I approached her with all the formality with which the newly admitted youth requests the queen of a ball-room for the pleasure and honor to dance a polka with her, and asked her to go down. Forgetting a previous appointment with my former antagonist, she accepted my offer, and the latter just arrived in time to see us start from the hill. In his rage he determined to do me some mischief by upsetting my sledge, as soon as he had an opportunity of doing so without any damage to another party. He soon had an occasion, but unfortunately I had a sledge with a lady before me; passing me he hit me, and I hitting against the sledge before me without being able to avoid it, at the same time getting hold of his legs upset all three. Luckily no injury was done, as the whole lot were upset into the snow, to the great enjoyment of all spectators.

Gradually the time to retire approaches. The lamps begin to go out, and the hills, divested of their beauty, appear like the ruins of a magnificent city of olden times. Here and there you see a single lamp peeping out from the branches of the trees, wistfully looking round in search of its brothers, as if it wanted to assure itself of the absence of any other enlightening object.

The party go in to refresh themselves with tea and other warm beverages. The gentlemen wait on the ladies, and a new contest begins, as each tries to surpass the other in politeness and quickness. If it is a supper, you see these youthful and useful members of society running about with plates of sandwiches, or steering along with a cup of *bouillon* in one and a glass of wine in the other hand through the intricate passages formed by the numberless tables occupied by members of the fair sex. And then having, after a great deal of danger, at last arrived at their destination they find the lady they wanted to serve already provided with every necessary comfort; and perchance she is so much engaged in conversation with their more fortunate rival that she cannot even give them a grateful smile for their trouble. Now the ladies adjourn, and the field of action is left to the gentlemen. All restraint seems to have gone. The clatter of knives, the jingling of glasses, the hubbub of voices, all this makes such a chaos of strange and mysterious noises, that it has quite a deafening effect. At last a cry of order is heard from the top of the table. One of the directors of the party, after having requested the audience to fill their glasses, in flowery language proposes the health of the ladies, which of course, is drunk with tremendous applause, manifested by acts such as beating with the handles of knives and forks on the tables, and clapping hands.

After several other toasts the party adjourn to join the ladies. Merry-making now begins, and an hour or so is passed in social games, such as hunting the slipper, cross-questions, crooked answers, and others. At last, the parties wrap themselves up again in their furs, and prepare to go home. On their homeward tour one of the finest phenomena in nature may perchance appear to them. A streak of light suddenly appearing on the horizon shoots like lightning up to the sky. One moment longer, and the whole sky is covered by such streaks, all of different colors amalgamating together, and constantly changing and lighting up the objects as bright as daylight. This is the Aurora Borealis, one of the numerous spectacles of nature which the common people regard with astonishment; whilst the cultivated mind, finding a sermon on the glory of our Maker in every object he meets on his journey through life, looks at it with admiration and reverence.

"NEVER COMES THE BEAUTIFUL AGAIN."

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

Oh! the cruel words that have been spoken—
"Never comes the beautiful again!"
Credit not the saying: still unbroken
Is the pledge which nature's tongue had spoken.
With an earnest eloquence to men.

Beauty ne'er departeth! Beauty dwelleth
Wherever loveful eyes look out for her—
Where the woods glisten and the wild deer belleth,
Where mystic echo 'mid hill-grottoes dwelleth,
Where rills rush through deep glens, her footsteps stir.

Where gem-like stars are sparkling in the heavens,
And fragrant flowers are springing from the earth—
Where sunny morns are bright, and golden evens
Shed many-tinted clouds across the heavens,
Beauty, in changeful glory, wanders forth!

Where sea-waves, to the summer sunshine dancing,
Receive white-pinioned birds upon their breast—
Or where mad tempest, o'er the deep advancing,
Ushers fork'd lightning, that in rapid dancing
Curls, snake-like, o'er each tumbling billow's crest;

Where genius looketh forth, with high endeavor,
From mental casements on the peopled world,
Beauty may aye be seen—"a joy for ever"—
To him who seeks her with a high endeavor,
Love's loyal banners in his hand unfurl'd.

Men may shut out the bright and glorious vision
By hateful arts and actions, and the sway
Of thoughts unnatural; but no hard decision
Of minds penurious robs us of the vision
Which beauty sheds across her lovers' way!

From the "Home Journal."

THE STEAM PADDY.

In a deep cut on the track of the Northern Railroad there is a mighty arm at work, shovelling. From the magnitude of its proportions, the strength displayed in its operations, and the slow dignity of its motions, it reminds one of an elephant. It is designed to supply the place, or rather perform the work, of some mammoth Irishman with his shovel. It has, indeed, obtained for itself the euphonious *sobriquet* of "Steam Paddy," although its proper cognomen is Excavator. Steam is its motive power, and the machinery necessary to perform the various motions in the process of labor, is quite complicated. The engine and the principal portion of the machinery are contained in a small house, placed upon car-wheels; and, when transportation is necessary, by a single touch of the engineer, the power is directed to the propelling of these wheels, when it at once becomes a formidable locomotive. From the roof of this "house" ascends the chimney, or smoker, of most disproportionate dimensions and height. But the part which most attracts the beholder's attention, is that connected with an upright shaft, capable of making about three-fourths of a complete revolution, from the top of which proceeds a horizontal arm or crane, whence chains and levers go to the "scraper." The motions and results of this part of the machinery are analogous to those of a huge arm and hand, grasping an immense scoop—the whole wielded by a giant of colossal strength. One scoop-full (or, more agreeably to the nomenclature given to the anatomy of this anomalous animal, one scraper-full) suffices to fill a car, and two cars are sufficient for a horse-load upon a railroad track. But, to carry out our comparison to the human arm. The scoop is drawn back by the flexion of the elbow, and is placed at the bottom of the bank. The extensor muscles of this powerful limb now commence their action, and push it forward and upward, scraping and gathering, in its progress, sufficient dirt to fill it; then it is slowly carried round, describing a considerable arc of a circle, till it is placed directly over a car stationed to receive its contents. This motion may represent that of the shoulder-joint. Instead now of rotating the hand and fore-arm upon the arm, and inverting the scoop, in order to "*dump*" the load into the car, there is a contrivance for simplifying its movements. The bottom of this scraper is a trap-door, which now very instinctively flies open, and out drops an avalanche of dirt, and the arm slowly wheels around for another dishful. The prominent edge of the scraper is armed with teeth, which may make our analogy a little more complete, by allowing them to represent fingers and nails—to scratch with.

But as the philosophers contend that there is no motion without mind, so in all this complication of movements there must be a mind to direct and guide as well as propel. This apparatus has its *sensorium commune*, and the human hand and arm are no less obedient to the mandates of the will, than is this combination of wood and iron, chains and cylinders, to the will and direction of a very greasy, smutty man, standing upon a semi-circular platform about the upright shaft above described. Here, he touches first one spring, or (recollecting our analogy) one nerve, with one hand, next another with

the other hand, then a third with the foot, like a pianoforte or organ player, and straightway these talismanic signs are conveyed, with telegraphic precision, to parts and portions most distant, and the commands are instantly followed, or better, accompanied, by the desired movement. How similar the functions of the brain! A cylinder, with a chain attached, revolves, answering to the contraction of the muscular fibre, and the shortening chain represents the tendon which connects the muscle with the part desired to be moved.

Do not let what has been said of the external appearance of this brain-representing man be taken as an unfavorable reflection. If he is the *wise-head* of the whole mechanism, he is no less the *good-heart*. You will ever find him gentlemanly, and, concerning the machine of which he is the presiding genius, ready to answer the frequent inquiries of visitors as to its capabilities, powers, construction, or history.

With all this similarity, how unlike is this clumsy, human-built machine, to the compact, graceful, beautiful, and divinely-created arm and hand. With all its power to raise the weight of tons, it falls immensely short of the strength of the human arm. This machine is capable of many and varied motions, but the number and combination of those of which the arm is susceptible, so infinitely exceed it, as to forbid comparison. When we compare the beauty of the arm with the deformity of this machine, the strength of the one with the weakness of the other, the capabilities with the limited and meagre powers, the neatness and compactness with the awkard clumsiness, the intimate connection or identity with mind and motion, with the complete inertia and inanimateness, we may derive some faint idea of the perfection of the works of a Divine hand, over all the productions and contrivances of man!

THE MAN IN THE BUFFALO COAT.

From the "Dublin University Magazine."

THE BACHELOR'S MEMORIES.

I.

Ah, the hours I've lost and lavish'd!
Ah, the years I've lived in vain!
Ah! the graces Time has ravish'd,
Time will ne'er restore again.

II.

Hot blood, welling, like a fountain,
Briskly through each youthful vein;
Manly sports o'er moss and mountain—
Limbs that toil'd yet felt no pain.

III.

Spirits light and temper plastic—
Courtly feats and revelry;
Rustic dance, with feet elastic,
By the village hawthorn-tree.

IV.

All are gone! like dreams at morning,
Fading in the cold gray light—
One by one—and give me warning
How Time pilfers in his flight.

V.

Drinking toasts and courting lasses,
These are things that cannot last,
And the joys I found in *glasses*
Are, I fear, for ever past.

VI.

One but yields me now dejection;
All its bright wine drain'd apace;
And the *other* brings *reflection*,
When I look into its face.

VII.

Raven locks, I find, are whitening,
Crows' feet gather round my eyes—
And my figure needs some tightening,
As 'tis growing out of size.

VIII.

If I feast I grow dyspeptic,
And my temper's put astray;
If I drink I'm hot and hectic,
With a headache all next day.

IX.

Dancing makes me now quite giddy,
I'm too stiff to twirl and twist;
So, I'm placed with some old lady
At a quiet game of whist.

X.

What! is nothing left at fifty
But the yellow leaf, and sear;
Has my youth been so unthrifty,
That my age finds naught to cheer?

XI.

Ah! not so—there's still some pleasure
Left of joys I loved so dear;
Like the bee that hoards his treasure
For the winter drawing near.

XII.

Though the days so bright and sunny
May return to me no more,
Still I've kept a little honey
Hived up for my winter store.

XIII.

Like soft music heard at even,
When the winds are all asleep;
Like the starlight, shower'd from heaven
On the still face of the deep.

XIV.

Sweet, yet sad, the mem'ry o'er me
Comes of joys in youth and prime;
Yet, in hope, I'll look before me,
And enjoy the present time.

XV.

I have friends still firm and steady,
All the dearer that they're old,
Like this wine, that is not heady,
But cheers and warms me when I'm cold.

XVI.

With them I can still talk over
All our happy days again;
Be once more a youthful lover!
But no longer feel love's pain.

XVII.

Though the belles I loved at twenty,
I can dance no more with these,
They've got young ones all, in plenty,
That I dance upon my knees.

XVIII.

I've my books, my thoughts, my rambles
By the river-side and wood;
And I learn, though full of brambles,
Life has fruits both sweet and good.

XIX.

To repine at fate is folly;
Brightest flowers are first to fade.
I would be the trim, smooth holly,
Green when every rose is dead.

XX.

Let me live, while life is given,
Not sadly wise, but sagely gay;
Thankful for the gifts which Heaven
Shall assign from day to day;

XXI.

Till at length, my old trunk wither'd—
All my branches in decay,
Trunk and branch, by kind friends gather'd,
Are laid in their primal clay.

XXII.

And the Lord of tree and flower,
Who gives to each its growth and bloom,
Ah! may he—in that last hour,
When my life he shall resume—

XXIII.

Plant me by that holy river,
Whose streams shall make God's city glad,
There renew'd to flourish ever
In undying verdure clad.

From the "Home Journal."

AUTOGRAPHS.

If we were inclined to show up popular fallacies, we should hardly know where better to begin than with this one:—*That it is a compliment to ask for an autograph.*

An autograph is a manifestation—an exhibition of one's private personality—a confession that we think ourselves somebody, (a verity safely owned only to intimate and tried friends)—a proof tangible that our instinctive modesty has suffered some abrasion from contact with the public. It is a spiritual knock, given at the invocation of one who desires to piece out his inward life at our expense, refraining even thanks, because he thinks it costs us nothing. It is "black and white"—proverbially dangerous. It is a lock of one's mental and moral hair, given to be speculated upon by diviners who are by no means likely to be soothsayers. It is a subtraction from our potency, cheapening all future autographs. It is a *pas seul*, executed before a whole battery of lorgnettes, or a pathetic song breathed into an ear-trumpet. It is, in short, something that every body, without exception, would avoid giving, if they could, and yet something which, being reputed a trifle, every body is ashamed to refuse.

A compliment! Does any one, however enthusiastic, ever ask an autograph for the purpose of complimenting the person asked? On the contrary, each autograph is but an infinitesimal contribution to a book which the collector takes much pride in showing; a book in which notorieties of all dimensions, from Dr. Johnson to Dr. Dodd—from John Milton to—no! we will not invidiously indicate the converse poet—to John Smith—figure on equal terms. One's vanity must have a most sensitive palate to taste a compliment of that size. There is but one aspect in which we can view the request as a compliment—it is as implying a flattering opinion of the benignity of our temper. That it does imply this, was proved by the unpleasant surprise of a romantic youth of our whilom acquaintance, who ventured to request of a certain notability the favor of an autograph, when the said notability wrote him a few rasping lines, the purport of which was the absurdity of intruding upon people with such demands upon

their time and attention. In justice to our youthful friend, we cannot refrain from adding that he replied to this missile by a very polite note, begging pardon for having made so great a mistake, and *returning the autograph.*

It seems a small matter to take up a pen and trace a certain number of letters on paper; but how if one does this a dozen times a day? Now, if it would be rather troublesome to write twelve notes, for the sake of signing one's name to each, to gratify the whim of twelve persons whom one has never seen, it is certainly something for each of the dozen to ask, and compliance ought to be somewhat esteemed. Is it so? Is not the maker of autographs considered rather the obliged party? Let us whisper to the world that he very seldom feels so, at least after his wings are quilled. Not that he would not be ashamed to refuse, but that he is half ashamed to comply. There is a secret sense of the ridiculous inseparable from this affair, except with people hopelessly sentimental, and a man does not willingly come into sentimental relations with strangers.

The truth of this matter, as of many others of the same kind, is that, in things connected with the imagination, we cannot force circumstances. If, in our desire to possess a butterfly, we grasp him with main strength, that which made him attractive is gone for ever. There is something furtive about a true autograph; we should come at it obliquely, and not by direct attack. A name written at the request of a stranger is only about as valuable as the same name stamped by machinery. To have any character, it should have been written in a careless or confidential moment, without the recollection that there was a collection in the world. As the iron grasp of the daguerreotype-chair magnetically empties the face of all human expression, so does the vice-like compulsion of an abrupt demand turn one's patronymic, with its baptismal additions, into a mere row of soulless letters, from which no sane clairvoyant could deduce any thing.

This is our theory. In practice, we are benignity itself on this point, as many a red morocco volume can testify. In a confidential moment, and with our perceptions sharpened by an unusual rush for our talismanic eight letters, we have penned these few lines on the philosophy of autographs; not expecting to convert any body, but none the less determined to relieve our mind by protesting against the popular fallacy, that it is a compliment to ask for an autograph.

From the London "Examiner."

THE GERMAN CRISIS.

About a fortnight since we stated that the balance of power in Europe, lately so seriously menaced, was at least to some extent restored, and that Austria's over-vaulting ambition had raised up hostility even where it had hitherto relied on for support. A month since, the tide of reaction was so strong that both Piedmont and Switzerland were seriously threatened; and it was even feared that all the remonstrances of both France and England would not be able to preserve the independence and constitutional rights of these states. All of a sudden we learn that there is a hitch in absolutist projects, that menaces have ceased, and that the despotic powers experience again too great a difficulty in agreeing, to admit of their undertaking a crusade in common against the liberties of other states.

The public, we are sorry to say, are exceedingly ill-informed as to what is taking place in the affairs of Germany. When Prussia and Austria, with their respective allies, were at open variance, the truth oozed out from one side or another; but, since Manteuffel and Schwarzenberg have laid their heads so closely together, news has become mere conjecture. There has also been a regular manufacture of forged diplomatic and political documents, which have imposed upon the unwary, and much destroyed the credit of the journals. One does not even know what credence to give to the announcement of the *Journal des Débats* that the King of Prussia has withdrawn his confidence from Manteuffel, and refused to sanction the last concessions to Austria. The move is attributed by the *Débats* and the *Times* to the resuscitated influence of Radowitz.

Now, we too have seen letters from Berlin, written by men of influence—such letters, that is, as are carried by private hand, for

the Prussian post-office is now far worse than the Austrian. Every letter is opened, and every word uttered in them is registered by the police.

These accounts represent the King of Prussia as completely in the hands, not of Radowitz, but of the Ultras and the *Kreuz-Zeitung* party. These Winchelseas and Polignacs of Prussia are unswervingly opposed to liberalism or constitutional government, but they fully participate in the national jealousy of Austria, whose ascendency they prompt Frederic William to resist, in order to procure a larger share of influence and power for the Prussian Monarchy. This is a kind of opposition to Austria, and this is a party to carry it on, to which the Emperor of Russia can have no dislike. Although the Czar would go the length of even marching an army to put down or oppose Radowitz and the constitutionalists, he can have no objection to a little northern forwardness and independence shown by Gerlach.

This, however, will have by no means the effect of displacing or disgracing Manteuffel. This Minister has been nothing else all along than the creature of the Gerlach party, affecting some show of respect for the forms of the Constitution, but directing his policy most unmistakably against it. If the Gerlach or ultra party have won upon the King to insist on a larger share of power in the German Administration, Manteuffel will very willingly render himself the organ of such demands. Not only this, but it is equally probable that Schwarzenberg will make considerable concessions to them.

There can be no doubt, however, that Wurtemberg and Bavaria are exceedingly discontented with the results of the crusade against Prussia. Bavaria, which hoped to rise to first rank by the degradation of Prussia, is now mortified to find Austria and Prussia leagued, and disposing between them of the rest of Germany. Wurtemberg, which probably expected some portion of Baden, is in open opposition, and demanding a German Parliament, or the concomitant of the Diet. The two Kings of Hanover and Saxony are said to favor the views of Wurtemberg and Bavaria. If so, Austria would lose, rather than win, by summoning the *Engere Rath*, or Executive Committee of the Diet: by rendering kings predominant there; and by restricting the minor princes to an insignificant number of votes. Accordingly the project seems to have been altered; and the original seventeen votes, instead of dwindling to eleven, as first proposed, are likely, it is thought, to be augmented to one-and-twenty.

How this is compatible with admitting Austria and all her outlying provinces into the Confederation, to which the minor princes were opposed, does not appear. Perhaps a compromise has been made. France and England have both protested: and, though mildly worded, their protest implies that if the new German Confederation comes forward as including Lombardy and Hungary, it, as such, will not be recognized by the Courts of either France or England. This is a circumstance that must necessarily have a very unsettling effect upon the great pacification which it was the promise of Austria, if it succeeded, to accomplish. So much uncertainty, however, still remains about these German proceedings and regulations, that we cannot be too much on our guard against the adoption of even apparently authentic reports.

THE LOVE OF PLEASING.

It may safely be taken for granted, that every one likes to please; there are hardly exceptions to prove the rule. Whatever subtle disguises this love of pleasing may put on—however it may borrow roughness, or carelessness, or egotism, or sarcasm, as its mask—there it is, snug in the bottom of each human heart, from St. Simeon Stylites shivering under the night-dews, to Jenny Lind flying from adoring lion-hunters, and Pio Nono piously tapping his gold snuff-box, and saying he is only a poor priest! The little boy who has committed his piece with much labor of brain, much screwing of body, and anxious gesticular tuition, utterly refuses to say it when the time comes. Why? Not because he does not wish to please, but because his intense desire to do so has suddenly assumed a new form, that of fear; which, like other passions, is very unreasonable. The same cause will make a young lady who has bestowed much thought on a new ball-dress, declare at the last moment, that she does not want to go! A doubt has

suddenly assailed her as to the success of her costume. The dress is surely beautiful, but will it make her so? No vigor of personal vanity preserves us from these swoons of self-esteem; and they are terrible while they last. What wonder, then, that the thought of a perpetual syncope of that kind should make us behave unwisely sometimes? —*Mrs. Kirkland.*

RAPHAEL'S PORTRAIT,

PAINTED BY HIMSELF.

(*From the Italian.*)

BEHOLD great Raphael!—his *idéal* see
E'en in himself!—the mind, the speaking face;
Gifts he gave back to Nature—ev'n as she
Had gifted him, returning every grace.

Here once—indignant feeling but to make
Immortal on the canvas others still—
Himself he drew; what subject could he take,
What prodigy more worthy of his skill?

When Death beheld the two, a future day,
He cried, (the fatal dart suspended high,)
"Which is the shade, which substance?—where my prey?"
"Take this frail mantle," was the soul's reply;
"The body take, and let the image stay.
We both were born immortal—*it* and *I*!"

ETA.

DIAMOND DUST.

HE alone deserves to have any weight or influence with posterity, who has shown himself superior to the particular and predominant error of his own times.

REPLYING to scurrility, is like the dandy keeping himself clean by pushing away the chimney-sweeper.

MASQUERADE—a synonym for life and civilized society.

MEDITATION is the soul's perspective glass.

LEISURE is a very pleasant garment to look at, but it is a very bad one to wear.

IF you apply to little-minded people in the season of distress, their self-importance instantly peeps forth.

NOTHING can poison the contentment of a man who cheerfully lives by his labor, but to make him rich.

A CRITIC'S head should be wise enough to form a right judgment, and his heart free enough to pronounce it.

NEVER consider a person unfeeling or hard-hearted, because he refuses what he cannot reasonably grant.

TRUE freedom consists in this—that each man shall do whatever he likes, without injury to another.

TO-MORROW—the day on which idle men work and fools reform.

CHRONICLE OF THE WEEK.

AN extraordinary passage of the American steamship Pacific within less than ten days, was the subject of much of the metropolitan talk the past week. This triumph of American naval craft seemed even greater from the fact that the fastest vessel of the rival British line, which followed three days after, occupied some twenty hours more in the crossing.

The English papers are filled with accounts of the great Exhibition which is now becoming a present business with them, and is already giving the first tokens of that plethora of population which it is destined to create.

It appears that the space allotted to American exhibitors was greater than the cargo of the St. Lawrence would fill up: the consequence has been a reassignment of a portion of the space to native exhibitors.

This fact, as well as others which have come to our knowledge, persuade us to think that our country will have less reason to boast, either by reason of its products, or its zeal, than we could hope. It is not, perhaps, generally known that each nation is required to fit up at its own cost, and with its own style of decoration, the spaces severally allotted. American exhibitors with little unity in their plans, and hurried as they have been in their preparation, can hardly pretend to compete in this respect with the fête-loving artisans of the continent of Europe. The *Times*, in a long descriptive

article, gives this notice of the French compartment:—

"Still holding eastward on the left-hand side, and leaving the southern states of Europe behind, the visitor crosses Belgium, half warlike from the display of artillery and arms, and enters on the territory of *La belle France*. Our neighbors are now thoroughly in earnest about their preparations, and every day make considerable progress. Quiet, active-looking workmen, bearded and bloused, and forming a striking contrast to our mechanics in appearance, ply with assiduity and an air of great intelligence the tasks severally assigned to them. On the north side of their allotment a considerable quantity of stationary machinery has already been fixed. Handsome oak stalls, neatly inscribed with the names of exhibitors, are run up with great rapidity, and against the boarding which separates the one-half of the space from the central avenue the process of sign-painting is carried on in every variety of color, and every imaginable kind of ground. In the nave M. de Seigneur, with a band of assistants, incessantly labors at his group of St. Michael and Satan; and under his continuous efforts the enemy of mankind becomes every day more hideous and the Archangel more seraphic. The work promises, when completed, to be a fine French impersonation of Milton's conception. Michael, but for his wings, would pass for Joan of Arc, and the enemy of mankind has his attributes of horns, cloven foot, and tail distinctly developed. A little beyond this group another aspirant for artistic fame makes rapid progress with his work. The subject is Godfrey of Bouillon, the great crusader, mounted on a gigantic charger. The body of the horse has been completed, but his legs have still to be supplied; and seated in the interior of the rider, whose figure has only been put together up to the waist, the artist or some one of his assistants may be observed quietly building up the shoulders and chest of the first Christian King of Jerusalem. Our neighbors are, with their usual tact, preserving wide passages for the circulation of the crowds who will visit their space; and while they have adopted the general system of distribution recommended by the Commissioners, the showy character of their display will enable them to give it increased effect. The silks of Lyons, the tapestry of the Gobelins, the carpets of Aubusson, the porcelain of Sèvres, and the fancy cabinet-work, bronzes, and jewelry of Paris, will show magnificently when concentrated on either side of the nave. We understand that the fittings of the whole compartment are to be of the most costly and tasteful description, and so far have they been carried that there is some danger of the French exhibition being late."

The same paper makes this complacent mention of the United States:—

"Our cousins have had their geographical position reversed in the Crystal Palace, and occupy the extreme east instead of 'the far west.' But still their fortunes in part attend them, and they find themselves 'located' in a territory larger than they can occupy. 'Annexation,' however, is not their passion in Hyde park, and finding that the space assigned to them by the Royal Commission is larger than they want, they have very properly given up what they did not require. The consequence is, that some of our native exhibitors will emigrate to their end of the building; and when the opening of the Exhibition takes place visitors will find distinct traces of that movement which is continually augmentiug the resources of the Western world from the superabundant population of the mother country. The process of unpacking has commenced in the United States compartment, but the articles displayed consist chiefly of ploughs and other agricultural implements. The show of 'Yankee notions' will be examined with great interest by the public, and we trust not without a kindly feeling towards the exhibitors and towards the struggling industry of a great and young community sprung from our loins."

—— The Miss Talbot, of whom there has been latterly much mention in the London Journals, as the victim of priestly seduction, has made her appearance at length in the town; and by report, is engaging in the gayest festivities of the season. Punch and the Jesuits together have made her the *lionne* of every *salon*.

—— The *Times* indulges in a strain of irony in reply to a flimsy article of the New-York Herald, in reference to a new revolution. The *Times* intimates that there are no special fears of a descent of the socialists upon Manchester; and that there is no increase proposed at present of the standing army.

—— A recent criminal trial in England has attracted considerable attention, and is the subject of one or two strong articles in the leading papers. The point which has excited discussion, is the virtual escape of the real culprit—Smith, who gave evidence for the crown;—while his accomplices—Harwood & Jones,—who prove to have been ignorant dupes, suffer the full penalty of the law. The *Times* makes the following remarks thereupon:—

"We cannot imagine a more injudicious

use of the power of admitting accomplices to betray the secrets of their companions in crime. Perhaps it may be urged that the admitting an accomplice to give evidence is at all times a most unwelcome and distasteful expedient, only to be resorted to or justified by necessity, and that where that necessity exists such a practice tends to prevent the perpetration of crime by sowing mutual distrust among its perpetrators and by preventing their ultimate impunity. We may grant this; but where was the necessity here? In the first place, the approver was, as we have shown, not likely to be believed, nor, indeed, deserving belief from a jury; and, in the next place, except as to the matter of the fatal shot and the incrimination of Samuel Harwood, he did not carry the case any further than the circumstantial evidence and the direct testimony of Mrs. Hollest. The result has proved that the admitting Hiram Smith as an approver was unnecessary; for the jury, totally disbelieving him, and putting his evidence aside as of no value whatever, has yet found sufficient evidence to convict Harwood and Jones. The judge has not hesitated to sentence them on that evidence, and the Secretary of State is most properly about to suffer the law to take its course. The admission, therefore, of such a person as Hiram Smith as an approver, the placing him before a jury as a person on whose evidence any one in any matter would be justified in reposing the slightest reliance is a most deplorable error in itself, and one which in its consequences tends to bring contempt on the administration of justice, and has caused no little risk of defeating its ends altogether."

—— Every one has heard the story of ABDEL-KADER the African *Emir*, who was taken captive at one of the French victories in Algeria; and who has ever since been in close confinement, notwithstanding a direct pledge to the contrary from the general to whom his surrender was made. It appears that Lord LONDONDERRY has been latterly making an effort in his favor, through direct petition to LOUIS NAPOLEON. The President declines acceding to the petition from a fear for the security of his Algerine possessions, and the poor Emir still solaces himself as he best can, with his pipes and his wives.

An account of the visit of Lord LONDONDERRY is worth quoting:—

"Before leaving Paris I applied to the Minister at War to have permission from the President and the Government to present my respects to the ex-Emir. There was some delay in obtaining the order of admission, I know not from what cause; but it at length reached me at Tours on the 5th of March. The drive along the banks of the Loire from Tours to the Chateau d'Amboise is more grand and vast than actually picturesque. The two fine stone bridges, and a third on the suspension principle, are striking objects in the route. The town of Amboise is a second-rate old French country town, consisting of a collection of houses, with narrow, dirty streets. The chateau rises from a very lofty height or rock close to the Loire, on the right bank of the river. To enter the castle here is a steep zig-zag carriage way from the bottom of a very dirty, narrow lane; and, indeed, though it was partially opened for Lady Londonderry, I question much if the Emir himself, on his arrival at his prison, did not enter it on foot. By some confusion as to the day of our arrival, (we espied our *annonce* unopened on the commandant's table, interspersed with various other papers, inkstands, pens, cigars, &c.,) we were not only kept for a long period in the street, but when arrived at the summit of the Castle-terrace we were hustled into a small, cold chapel, where it was proposed we should await the commandant's arrival. The day not being propitious, we were all shivering from the cold. At length the Algerine *capitaine* appeared by whom we were introduced to a suite of three or four very dirty and close waiting-rooms, the end one of which, where we at last arrived, appeared to be the *sanctum sanctorum* of this very ill-accommodated guard. All sorts of writing materials in confusion covered small tables—bird-cages, dirty books, and a few old chairs alone graced the saloon of the unhappy guard; and while we were asked to sit down for another half-hour's waiting, the commandant, a most obliging officer, had the great civility himself to set to work, with some matches and dry sticks, to kindle a fire in a white china clay stove, which formed the only and somewhat awkward embellishment in the centre of the room. At length an Algerian slave appeared to conduct us to Abd-el-Kader's apartments. This man was dressed in the costume worn by the native Moors at Tangiers, and reminded me much of our former friends when campaigning in the East. We followed this guide, and he led us through the winding terraces of the garden, which are clothed with tall cypress and other trees, to the most elevated part of the chateau, when, passing through an outward ante-hall or guard-chamber, we came to a door where all shoes, &c., were left. Upon this door being thrown open the interesting old warrior stood before us. His bourmoose is as white as the driven snow, his beard as black as jet, his projecting huge eyebrows of the same hue, with teeth like ivory, and most expressive dark eyes, showing peculiarly the white liquid tinge surrounding the pupils. His stature

is tall and commanding, his gesture, softness and amiability of expression almost inexplicable. Upon my approaching him the Emir held out a very large, bony, and deep brown hand to me, which, when I grasped, he turned to lead me to the sofa and the seats prepared at the head of the room. The commandant and three or four of his officers entered the room with us, and we all sat down; Lady Londonderry and my daughter Adelaide opposite the Emir, while I occupied the place on the sofa by the chief—the officers and the commandant sitting on the other side. The question of dialogue now became somewhat embarrassing. The captain, who knew Algerian, and acted as interpreter, spoke excessively low and very indistinct, and it was very difficult for me to understand him at first. However, I launched forth, commencing by expressing the deep and universal interest the British empire took in the Emir's warlike deeds, and in his fate, and the regret universally felt at his being still retained a prisoner of war, &c. His replies were couched in similar phrases of civility. At length the old warrior expressed to me, through the interpreter, his great desire to see and converse with the President of the Republic, and he inquired, knowing that I had been on terms of friendship with the prince, whether I could manage to get this accomplished. I told him I did not believe I had any interest with the French Government, and that, however desirous the President might be to meet so brave a captive's wishes, still the Government and the Chambers had mainly the power and means to carry out that which he desired. The Emir then said he should like me to accompany him, and to go together to Louis Napoleon. I replied that I should be very glad to do any thing I could, but that I believed this would be impossible, adding, however, that I had an innate confidence in Louis Napoleon—that I would lay my life upon his honor—and that if a boon could be granted I thought Lady Londonderry and myself would be likely to secure it. The Emir then addressed some flattering remarks to Lady Londonderry, after which a slave entered with a tray of tea-cups and saucers, each cup holding a few table-spoonfuls, of which we partook. In complaisance, now, as the dialogue could not be prolonged, I thought it proper to rise and take our leave."

—— Mr. GREEN the well known aëronaut, has latterly made the passage across the English Channel by balloon, in company with the Duke of Brunswick. The details of the expedition are given in full in the English Journals, and appear to have excited a great degree of attention. We subjoin as much as we think will be of interest to our readers, in relation to this strange voyage:—

"The balloon, which left Hastings at about twenty minutes past one in the afternoon, retained a southeasterly course till about twelve miles from the English shore. The wind then carried them southward. When somewhat short of mid-channel the balloon was almost becalmed, and took a low level, so that by means of a speaking-trumpet the occupiers of the car could converse with the crews of some fishing boats which appeared beneath them. On getting farther from the English coast the balloon again got into a current setting to the southeast. The gas at this period became much expanded by the action of the sun's rays, and the balloon acended to a height of 4,000 feet. The safety-valve at the bottom of the balloon then began to act, owing to the great expansion of the gas, and the escape which ensued caused a gradual descent, till the appendages to the guide-line, styled by Mr. Green the 'compensating weight,' came upon the surface of the water, whereby the downward progress was checked, owing to the diminished weight depending upon the machine. Before arriving at this point, the aëronauts had enjoyed a magnificent view of the English coast, extending from Dungeness Point to Beachy Head—the long line of coast glowing in the vivid rays of a resplendent sun. When about twenty miles from the French coast they obtained a view of a portion of the shores of France.

"At length the land appeared so near at hand that the grapnell was lowered. The shore was found to have been left by the ebbing of the tide, and the sands were observed to be of great extent. Two men were seen walking upon the sands, and as the balloon passed over them, with its guide-line trailing behind, one of them caught at it, and was immediately seen to be dashed violently upon the earth. The rope got under the feet of his companion, who forthwith performed a complete somersault in the air, and was speedily placed *hors de combat*. The unfortunate pair, however, were eventually seen to regain their legs, doubtless convinced of the fallacy of endeavoring to catch a balloon.

"The land in the vicinity of the shore, was observed by Mr. Green to be of an undulating character, apparently ill adapted for the purpose of a descent; he, therefore, proceeded onward till he surmounted a lofty hill, the summit of which he cleared at an elevation of about fifty feet. He then descended rapidly. In the valley appeared a village, from which scores of people were speedily seen to emerge. The Duke laid hold of his speaking-trumpet, and shouted directions to the peasantry how to act. The

balloon reached the earth almost without a shock, and abundance of assistance being promptly rendered the aërial visitor was soon made fast, and the Duke and Mr. Green alighted, finding themselves in the fields near Neufchatel, about ten miles southwest of Boulogne. A railway station appeared half a mile off, situate on the Boulogne and Amiens Railway. His Highness proceeded at once to the station, and almost immediately took his seat in a train *en route* for Paris; while Mr. Green, having discharged his gas, got the balloon packed up, and proceeded therewith in a cart to Boulogne, where he arrived at about ten o'clock at night."

—— A French correspondent gives fearful accounts of the extent of gambling this winter in the *beau monde* of Paris. The old games of whist, Boston, &c., are all supplanted by *écarté* and the *bac carat;* and it is not unusual to reckon the losses of an evening among friends by the tens of thousands. As is quite natural where the appetite for gaming has become so strong, various instances of cheatery have come to light. One especially, implicating a member of the diplomatic body, created a great deal of scandal. He had substituted a "marked pack" in lieu of one of the packs supplied by the host, and was detected by a servant. The losses on that occasion had amounted to some ten thousand dollars. The *diplomat* proved to be a well-mannered vagrant, professing to be consul for New-Grenada.

—— The ball and gayeties of the *mi-carême* at Paris are represented as very brilliant; and the chit-chat of Paris is filled with the scandal that has grown out of this "breaking in" upon Lent.

—— While talking of Paris matters we may as well set down this good story of cab-regulation in the French capital. It is from DICKENS's *Household Words*, and we can vouch by our own experience, for its justice in every particular:—

"Coming out of the theatre one night, with two ladies, I found it raining heavily. The weather had been beautiful, and we had intended to walk home, but this sudden change obliged me to seek a hackney-coach. I found one in the Place of the Palais Royal, and was so glad to get it—for it was the only coach there—that I did not observe when I called the driver that he had no hat on, but was sitting on his box, in the rain, bare-headed. I remarked this peculiarity as I was handing the ladies in, and asked him where his hat was. 'Oh,' he said very coolly, 'it's inside.' 'And why don't you put it on then?' 'Well, I may as well put it on to be sure,' says he, 'will you please to hand it up? A thousand thanks!' It is so unusual in Paris to see a man of this kind drunk, that I never suspected him of being any thing but eccentric, until we came to a neighboring street, where there were a number of carriages waiting at a party, among which we began to make such havoc by bumping wildly about, that I soon understood what was the matter with my friend, and awoke him, with some difficulty from a sound sleep. I then got the ladies out, and said to him in what I considered a highly impressive manner, tempered with a gentle amiability, 'Now, my friend, you are drunk, and I am not going to pay you any thing. You had better go home and keep out of trouble!' Not in the least affected by this softening address, he immediately cast his arms and legs into the air all at once, as nobody but a Frenchman could, clutched roughly at my throat, and tore my coat, whereupon I hit him, according to the custom of my country, and he tumbled into a confectioner's doorway. Other coachmen came up, and the confectioner came out. 'Monsieur is a foreigner,' said he, on hearing the merits of the case; 'it is late, and these men make common cause. My advice is, pay him for the course, and make complaint to Monsieur le Prefet. He will do justice.' With a very bad grace I paid for the course, and went home breathing vengeance. I relieved my mind by writing to M. le Prefet before I went to bed—waited three weeks for an answer—got none—every day for three weeks anathematized France. Early one morning at the expiration of that time, appeared the coachman, with a beard, and in an old blouse, looking very miserable. He had been in prison ever since, and was now sent to repay the money I had paid him, and get a receipt for it. He had also brought an official paper stating that he was deprived of his number, and that unless I chose to accept his apology and sign that recommendation for its being restored to him, (which I was not asked to do,) he was thenceforth incapable of driving any public carriage. I considered it right to take the money, but of course I signed the paper, and gave him some breakfast. He told my servant that he had been summoned to the prefect's office; that they had said to him, 'Now two hundred and so-and-so, this letter of complaint has been received against you. Attend while it is read. If you deny the charge, and oblige us to demand the writer's presence, you will take the greater consequences if it is proved. If you admit the charge at once, and save that trouble, you will take the lesser consequences.' 'Well, it was all true,' said the cabman with a shrug, 'so I took the three weeks, and here I am.'"

When shall we hope for any such security against insolence and extortion among the barbarians who throng our docks and railway stations?

—— At the last advices, preparations on a mammoth scale, were making for a great Parisian fête in the month of May. A part of the object has doubtless been to decoy a large number of the visitors from the World's Fair; and surely, no people in the world know better how to make such fêtes attractive. No such scene or fête as that afforded by the Place de la Concorde, and the Champs Elysées, is to be found in the universe; nor are there anywhere better extemporizers of statuary and fireworks than the artisans of Paris. A hint or two in reference to the coming show is thrown out in a recent letter from Mr. FRY to the *Tribune*:—

"In the front of the Madeleine will be placed immense statues of Charity, Hope, and Faith, and vases with flowers. On the Arch of Triumph will be placed a colossal chariot of Victory, after the mode designed for the completion of the work. The round point of the Elysian Fields will present a statue of Napoleon, formerly designed for the Invalides. Around it will be statues of Duroc, Lannes, Beauharnais, Ney, Dessaix, and Kléber. The avenue of the Elysian Fields will be decorated with eighteen statues, with a *socle* of eighteen feet. These will be of Corneille, Jacquart, Papin, Jean Goujon, Molière, Jeanne D'Arc, Turenne, Poussin, Turgot, Bayard, Jean Bart, Dugay, Trouin, Duguesclin, Catinat, Condité, Richelieu, Mathieu Molé, Seguier. The colonnade of the legislative palace will be completed by two vast circular wings, after the façade of St. Peter's. Above will be groups. On the Concord Bridge which runs from the Chamber to the Place, will be the fireworks. A temple of Neptune will be constructed, and honor done to the genius of Navigation. A steam-engine will cause a cascade. A stand will be built on the Quai D'Orsay to hold 20,000 persons. The *Place* will be splendidly decorated, and new improvements in lighting up will afford *à sans pareil*."

—— At home, little has transpired of interest. Spring is setting its colors on the trees and fields;—and kindred colors are flaunting upon all the promenades of the town.

In the way of Art, SATTLER's Kosmoramas are dividing honors with the newly-opened exhibition of the National Academy. The first differs from the last as a true, yet picturesque journal of travel, differs from the pleasant essays of a home-volume.

We have already commended those daguerreotypes of nature which SATTLER calls Kosmorama. The Eastern sky in them has all the softness, and blue, and blandness, and distance of heaven; and the sun shines aslant the ruins of Egypt, as warmly and truly as in a June dream, under trees.

As for the Academy, there are pleasant faces to be looked at, and landscapes that make one live his summer *d'avance;* and a hundred other things that will brighten one's love for beauty, and make him the better for the love.

—— In Science, what we have especially to notice is the initiatory step of Professor PAGE, in turning magnetism loose upon a Railway. The *Washington Republic*, dating from the city where the experiment was made, gives this notice of the new endeavor:—

"Owing to the announcement that, on Saturday, Professor PAGE's Electro-Magnetic Locomotive would have a preliminary trial on the railroad, a large number of persons, including many of scientific attainments, were in attendance near the station-house, manifesting a marked interest in the success of the experiment. A report that an accident had occurred excited apprehensions in the minds of many that there was to be either a postponement or a failure. However, this state of feeling was somewhat relieved by the appearance of Professor PAGE himself on the platform of his car, who informed the spectators that two of the cells in the middle of the battery which he was about to employ had exploded—an occurrence, he said, which had not before taken place in the course of his two years' experiments; but that in order that the company which had assembled might not be disappointed, the locomotive would nevertheless shortly move. Like the sun, which at that moment emerged from a dark rain-cloud, this brief announcement brightened the countenances of all who heard it, and, much to their satisfaction, in the course of five minutes the car came forth from its shed, moving steadily, and wending its way on the rails for several hundred yards, then paused and backed to another track, and again moved forward in the direction of Baltimore.

"We had no means of ascertaining its speed, but should judge that it was at the rate of about five or six miles per hour, which, for an experimental trip, with a crippled battery, was doing remarkably well, we think. Indeed, we have hardly a

doubt, from what Professor PAGE has already accomplished, that he will ere long attain the successful application of electro-magnetic power to vessels and railway trains now propelled by steam.

"It was a novel spectacle to witness a car smoothly and quietly emerging from its place of shelter, with none of its machinery visible, and travelling over the rails without the usual accompaniments of the puffing steam, the glowing furnace, the dense volume of black smoke, and the clashing of heavy enginery, and occasionally emitting a bright flash under the car—the miniature lightning of this wonderful invention.

"Having gone out some distance on the road, the locomotive then returned as noiselessly as it went, when it was again safely housed.

"Whatever doubts may be entertained as to Professor PAGE'S ultimate success, it should be remembered that his present efforts have already compassed much more than those expended in the first experiments with steam as a motive power, during an equal period of time."

THE BOOK WORLD.

It is stated in the London papers that Mr. THACKERAY, well known among us by his *Vanity Fair*, and *Pendennis*, is about to commence a series of lectures upon the comic writers of the present century. The same paper states, on what appears to be good authority, that Mr. THACKERAY has in contemplation a visit to this country. He will doubtless be received with much of that kind of flattering, though troublesome (to a sensitive man) notice, which has attended his companions in the British field of letters.

THACKERAY is a vigorous writer, and in his way, worthy of all honor. He knows, as well as any living writer, how to point a satire; indeed irony is his *forte:* but in satirizing he is too apt to run to extremes, and to make such monsters of womankind as his BECCY SHARPE. He is a man more familiar with the conventionalities of social life than Mr. DICKENS; and being such, he has a clique of club-men to cry bravo to all his performances: but while he preserves this superiority, he is inferior to him in all that makes the *wholeness* of a heart, and that sympathizes with whatever is wretched in the great staple of humanity.

—— Mr. CHARLES SCRIBNER has published the past week, a valuable, because simple and practical, work upon fruits, and fruit-trees in America. It is written by Mr. BARRY, the proprietor of extensive nurseries in Western New-York, and the first gentleman in this country who turned public attention to the French dwarf-trees, and to their proper training.

The book is illustrated with drawings well calculated to assist the fruit-grower, and it should be in the hands of all who have a patch of land, or who love good fruits.

—— The *Athenæum* and other journals of London, have given very favorable notice to our countryman's work upon the Nile—called *Nile-Notes.* Although we are not among those who recognize the importance or the necessity of receiving British *imprimatur* to establish the excellence of an American work, still we cannot but regard this favorable mention as highly flattering to Mr. CURTIS.

—— Mr. MAYO, the author of *Kaloolah*, has, we learn, recently published a work called *Romance Dust.* What its character is, we have not yet had an opportunity for observing.

—— *Characteristics of Literature* is a new work spoken of in the papers, as having been written by Mr. TUCKERMAN.

—— *Punch*, in a recent number, treats us to this bit of *Lawyer* poetry:—

LINES WRITTEN IN A LAWYER'S OFFICE, ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

Whereas, on certain boughs and sprays
Now divers birds are heard to sing,
And sundry flowers their heads upraise;
Hail to the coming on of Spring!

The songs of those said birds arouse
The memory of our youthful hours,
As green as those said sprays and boughs,
As fresh and sweet as those said flowers.

The birds aforesaid—happy pairs—
Love, 'mid the aforesaid boughs, enshrines
In freehold nests: themselves, their heirs,
Administrators and assigns.

Oh, busiest term of CUPID'S Court,
Where tender plaintiffs actions bring—
Season of frolic and of sport,
Hail, as aforesaid, coming Spring!

—— A new story is in press from the author of *Talbot and Vernon.* It is spoken of by good judges as much superior in every respect to either *Talbot and Vernon*, or *Graham.* Its title is given as "*The Glenns.*" The publisher is Mr. SCRIBNER.